



BATMAN

No. 132

FEB.

Ten Cents



A 52 PAGE  
MAGAZINE

# Detective COMICS



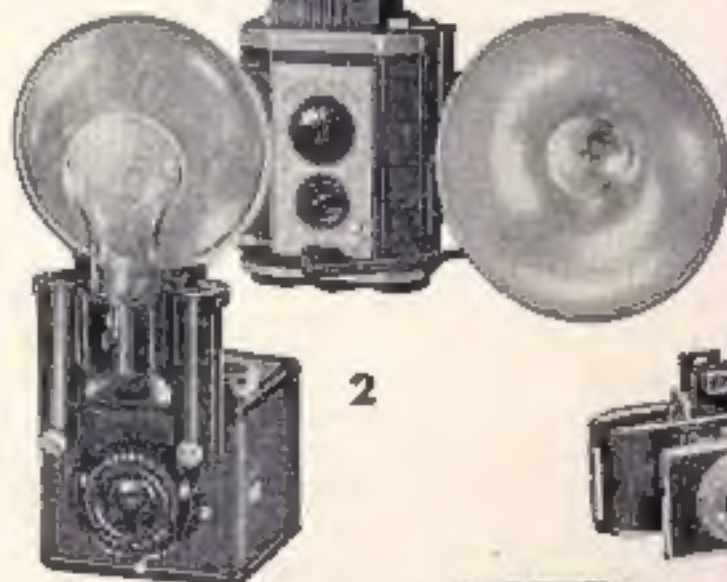
**BATMAN  
and ROBIN**  
FACE THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST  
ESCAPE ARTIST—  
*"The Human  
Key!"*





# How to buy a Christmas camera...

Who's it for? A beginner? Someone who already has the "bug" and wants a camera a little more advanced? Or the ace who really knows his stuff... and has his sights set high? At your Kodak dealer's, you'll find a model that rates "tops" with any of them. So grab your Christmas list. We're going shopping.



## Beginner?

1. **Simple little Brownie Cameras** . . . Baby Brownie Special and "Targets." Make swell snaps for those whose photography simmers down to "see it... shoot it."
2. **Brownie Cameras with Flash Equipment** . . . Brownie Flash Six-20; Brownie Reflex, Synchro Model. That flash feature permits picture-making indoors or out.

## Pretty Well Along?

3. **Kodak Folding Cameras** . . . Kodak Vigilant Junior, and three more advanced Vigilants with faster, more versatile shutters (some with built-in flash synchronization), keener lenses, adjustable focusing.
4. **Kodak Miniatures** . . . the Kodak Flash Bantam and the Kodak 35's. Travelers and the more serious fans go for these "little" cameras in a big way.

## All-Out Fan?

5. **The Kodak Reflex** . . . a camera star . . . the pop-up hood, the big, brilliant viewfinder that "previews" pictures full image size . . . a raft of other features. Costs more . . . but it's worth every penny.



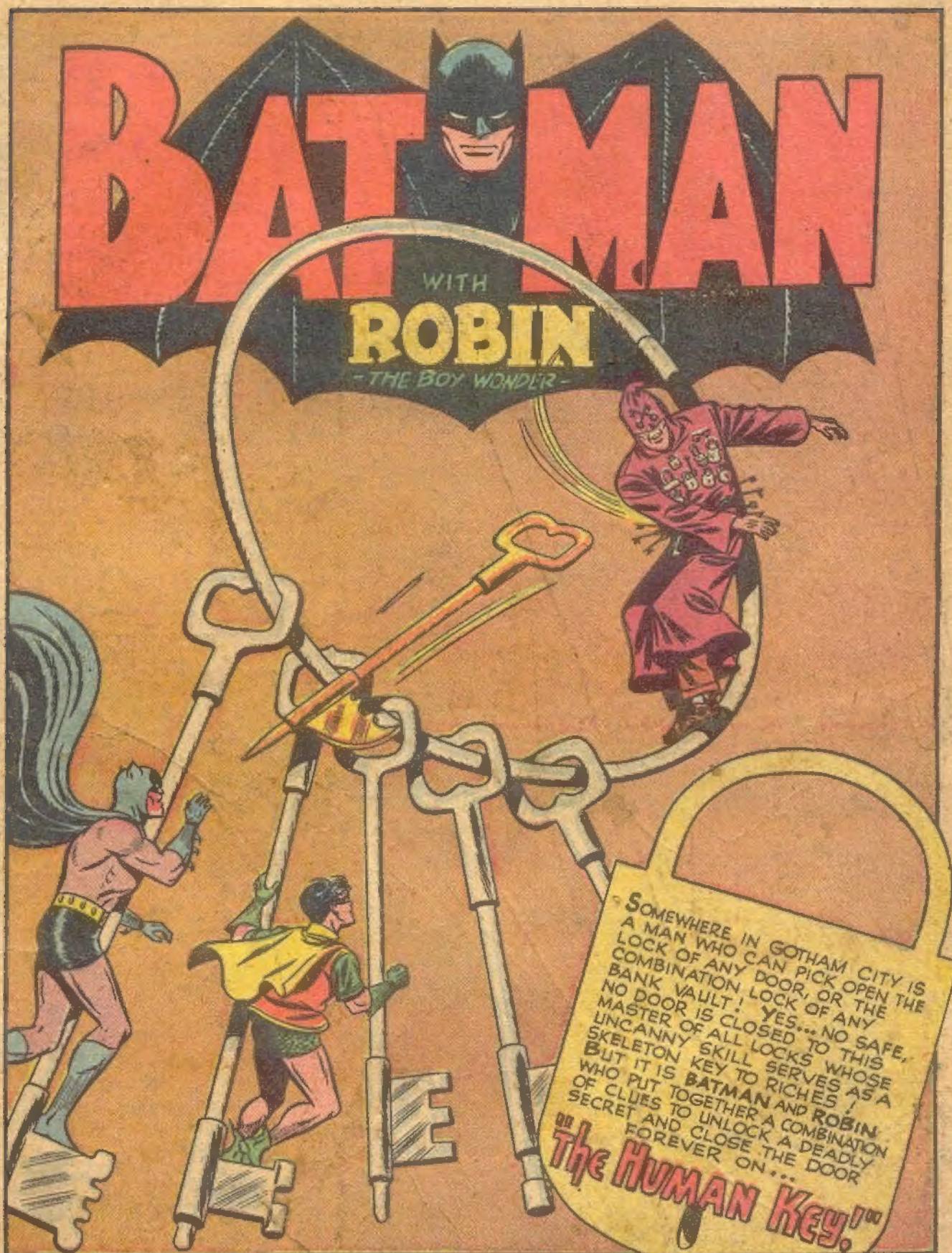
**And remember**... anyone who gets a Kodak or Brownie camera will want to start shooting pronto! So include a roll or two of Kodak Verichrome . . . the film that "gets" the picture. The famous Kodak Film Family includes Kodak Plus-X, Kodak Super-XX . . . full-color Kodachrome and Kodacolor.

**EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY**  
Rochester 4, N. Y.

# Kodak

**Note:** Prices range from a few dollars for Brownie cameras, to over a hundred for the finer Kodak cameras. But at any price . . . a Kodak-made camera is your money's worth, *plus*.





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THE YEARS PASSED, AND PAUL BODIN SEEMED BURIED IN RETIREMENT... AND NOW THE TIME IS THE PRESENT, IN GOTHAM CITY, AND A TRUCK ROLLS UP TO A JEWELER'S SUPPLY HOUSE...

MY ORDERS ARE TO DELIVER THESE TWO CASES TO THIS WAREHOUSE!

IT'S TOO LATE TO INSPECT THEM NOW! WE'LL LOCK THEM IN THE SUPPLY VAULT OVERNIGHT!



THE CASES ARE PLACED WITHIN THE VAULT, WHICH CONTAINS SUCH PRECIOUS METALS AS GOLD SILVER AND PLATINUM...

ALL LOCKED UP TIGHT! NOW FOR SOME HOT SUPPER!



LATER, INSIDE THE VAULT, THE PACKING CASES CRACK OPEN!

C'MON, SLEEPY... THIS LOOT'S WORTH A FORTUNE. START STUFFING IT INTO OUR VALISES!

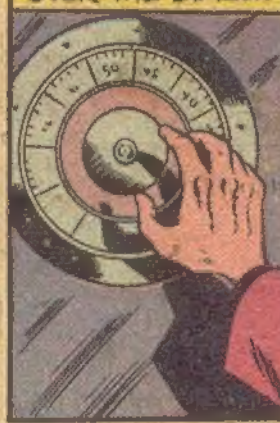
MINUTES LATER, AFTER THE THIEVES HAVE HELPED THEMSELVES TO THE VALUABLE METALS!

NOW, WHEN THAT SAFE DOOR OPENS AND THE ALARM RINGS, WE'LL BE SET TO SCRAM!

SEVEN O'CLOCK! THAT MEANS HE'S HERE NOW... OUTSIDE!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VAULT DOOR, SLENDER FINGERS MOVE TENUOUSLY OVER THE DIAL...



AND THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN TO THE UNCANNY SKILL OF THE MASTER OF ALL LOCKS — *The HUMAN KEY!*

NICE GOIN', KEY... NOW LET'S LAM!

I'LL WAGER THIS IS THE FIRST ROBBERY WHERE THIEVES ALLOWED THEMSELVES TO BE LOCKED INSIDE A SAFE!



CRIME AFTER CRIME IS COMMITTED BY THIS SAFE-CRACKER EXTRAORDINARY! AND GOTHAM CITY'S POLICE CANNOT COPE WITH THIS CRIMINAL WHO CAN PICK ANY LOCK FROM THE ORDINARY KEYHOLE TYPE...

THESE OUSTITI TONGS WILL TURN ANY KEY ON A DOOR LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!



BUT AT THE RESIDENCE OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, IN REALITY BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER...

THE HUMAN KEY ROBBED ANOTHER HOME LAST NIGHT!

HE GETS AROUND! SPEAKING OF HOMES, LET'S SEE ABOUT GETTING A NEW WING ON OURS!



...TO THE MOST COMPLICATED COMBINATION DIAL!

OKAY, KEY! YOU DID IT AGAIN! WE'LL NET PLENTY FROM THIS HAUL!



LATER... THEY ENTER THE OFFICE OF A BUILDING FIRM...

WHY, YES... AS A VETERAN, YOU'LL GET A PRIORITY IN ORDERING A NEW HOUSE FROM US!

THANKS A LOT!



THAT'S BURLY GRAHAM! HE'S NO VETERAN! HE WAS IN THE BLACK MARKET RACKET DURING THE WAR! I WONDER WHAT HE REALLY WANTED HERE?



NIGHTFALL!

THERE'S THE SAFE I SPOTTED WHEN I CASSED THE OFFICE!

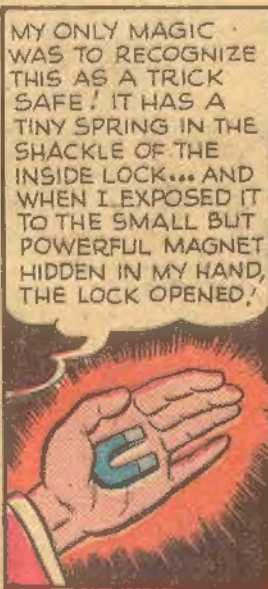
BUT IT AIN'T GOT A DIAL OR LOCK ON IT! KEY, HOW CAN YOU OPEN A SAFE LIKE THAT?

EASY! BY JUST PASSING MY HAND OVER THE DOOR!



CAN THE KEY REALLY OPEN THIS SAFE BY PASSING HIS HAND OVER IT? JUST WATCH!









LIKE CORNERED RATS, THE GUNMEN EMERGE FROM THEIR WRECKED GET-AWAY CAR AND FIGHT BACK DESPERATELY!

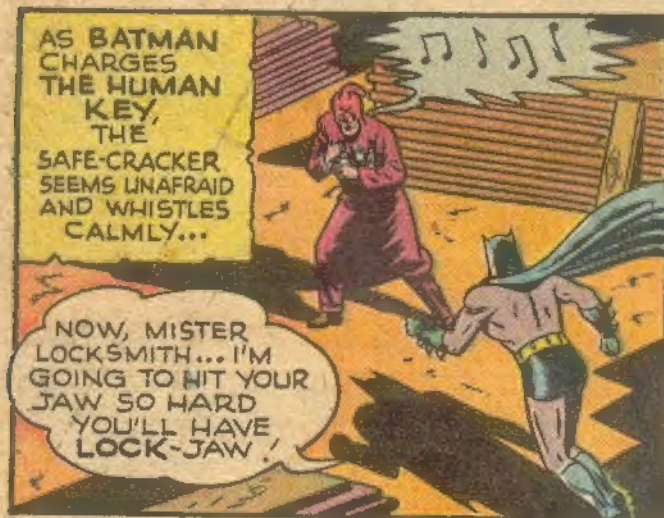
GOT THE KID! I HOPE THE KEY IS TAKING CARE OF BATMAN!



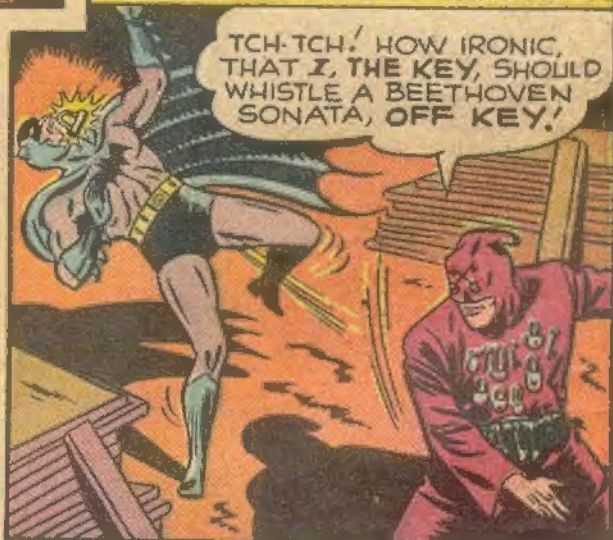
FROM HIS OWN COSTUME, THE KEY FINDS A DEFENSE WEAPON.

AS BATMAN CHARGES THE HUMAN KEY, THE SAFE-CRACKER SEEMS UNAFRAID AND WHISTLES CALMLY...

NOW, MISTER LOCKSMITH... I'M GOING TO HIT YOUR JAW SO HARD YOU'LL HAVE LOCK-JAW!



TCH-TCH! HOW IRONIC, THAT I, THE KEY, SHOULD WHISTLE A BEETHOVEN SONATA, OFF KEY!



LATER... AFTER THE BANDITS ESCAPE...

WHAT ARE YOU SO HAPPY ABOUT?

THIS LOCK! IT TELLS ME THE SECRET IDENTITY OF THE KEY! TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT IT! REMEMBER...

IT'S THE ONE YOU GAVE PAUL BODIN! BODIN IS THE KEY!

YES! BUT HE MUST HAVE KNOWN I'D RECOGNIZE IT—SO WHY DID HE CHOOSE THIS LOCK TO HIT ME WITH?





HERE'S ANOTHER PUZZLER! WHY SHOULD HE SAY HE WHISTLED **OFF KEY** WHEN HE REALLY WHISTLED THAT SONATA IN THE **TRUE KEY** OF **C MAJOR**!

THAT MUST MEAN SOMETHING!

**C MAJOR?** COULD MEAN **S.S. "SEA MAJOR"**.. THE SHIP THAT SANK IN PORT WITH \$1,000,000 IN THE CAPTAIN'S SAFE!

**YAHOO!** MAYBE THE **KEY** BOASTFULLY TIPPED US OFF TO HIS NEXT JOB WITH A **MUSICAL KEY!**



AT THE WATERFRONT, WHERE A SALVAGE BOAT IS AT WORK...

IT'LL TAKE MONTHS TO CLEAR AWAY THE MIRE AROUND THE **S.S. "SEA MAJOR"** SO WE CAN HOIST THE **SAFE** OUT.

HMM! AND WE DON'T DARE BLAST THE **SAFE** OPEN! WHAT THIS JOB NEEDS IS A **SAFE-CRACKER!**



YOU CALLED IT, **BUB!**

BUT FIRST WE'RE GONNA PUT YOU IN YER **CABIN**-UNDER LOCK AND **KEY!** THAT'S A JOKE, SON! **HAW!**



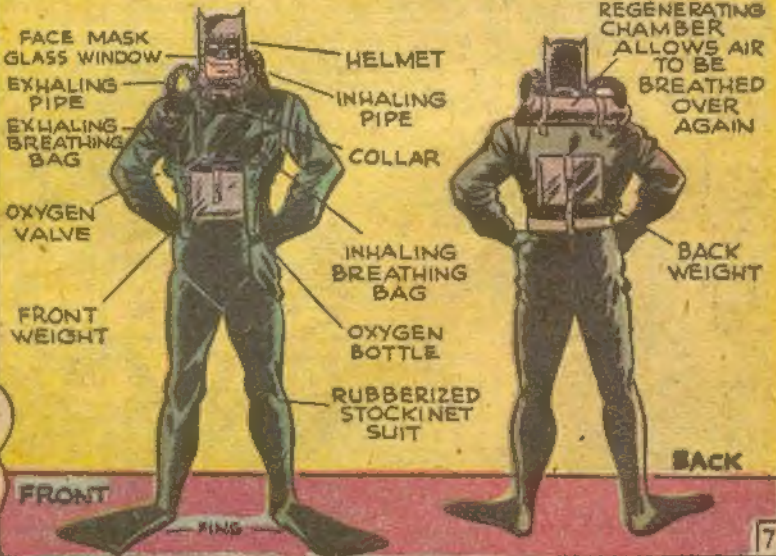
MEANWHILE... IN A SMALL CRAFT NEARBY...

OKAY... MY JOB IS TO GO ON DECK AND KEEP ANY **KEY** MAN BUSY WHILE YOU GO **SUB-SURFACE!**

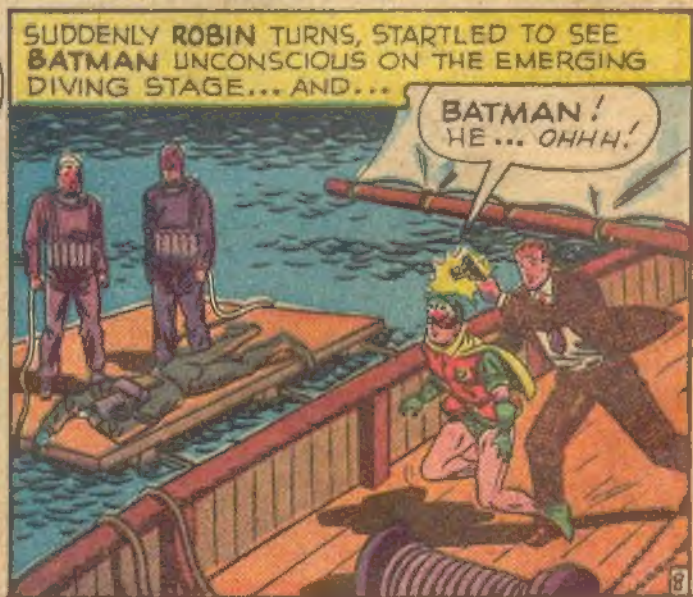
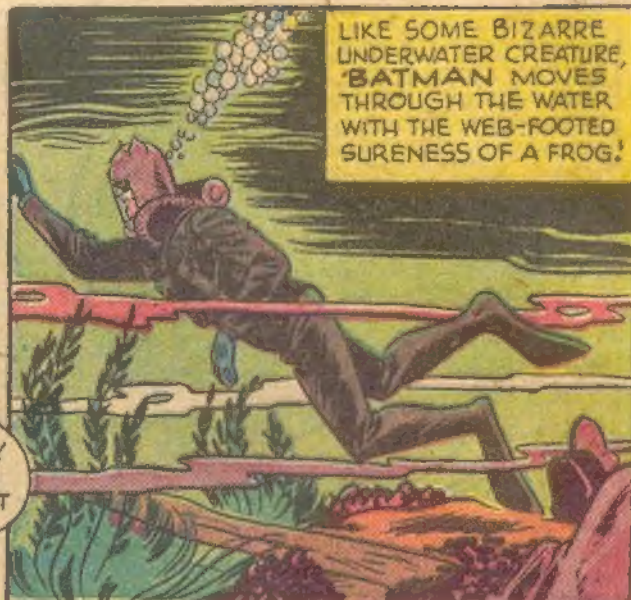
CHECK! NOW... **BATMAN** IS GOING TO BECOME A **"FROG MAN"**!



**BATMAN'S "FROG MAN" DIVING SUIT**-FIRST USED BY BRITISH NAVY MEN TO SWIM UNOBSERVED TO DISCONNECT GERMAN UNDERWATER MINES AND PREPARE THE WAY FOR INVASION ON D-DAY!











HOW COME YOU STOPPED MY KNIFE BEFORE?

IF BATMAN MUST DIE, LET IT BE IN A MANNER SYMBOLIZING A KEY CRIME! HE SHOULD DIE BEHIND A LOCKED DOOR!

THE STEEL DOOR THUNDERS SHUT- AND IS LOCKED! THEN THE KEY TURNS A DIAL...

THE DAZED CRIME-FIGHTERS AWAKEN- INSIDE THE DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER USED BY DIVERS TO PREVENT THE "BENDS"!

HERE, BATMAN... PERHAPS YOU CAN BURN YOUR WAY OUT! TCH-TCH... I FORGOT... A BUNSEN BURNER FLAME CAN'T EAT THROUGH STEEL!

HAW!

INSTEAD OF DECOMPRESSING THE AIR, I'LL INCREASE THE AIR PRESSURE! THERE-DONE!

LET'S LAM BEFORE THE SHORE PATROL SPOTS US!

AIR... COMING IN! HE'S GOING TO CRUSH US TO DEATH WITH COMPRESSED AIR!

"BUNSEN BURNER... BURN MY WAY OUT"... HMM! THAT GAS VENT IS UP THERE IN CASE ELECTRICITY SHOULD FAIL...

ATTACHING THE RUBBER TUBING, BATMAN TURNS ON THE GAS AND STRIKES A MATCH...

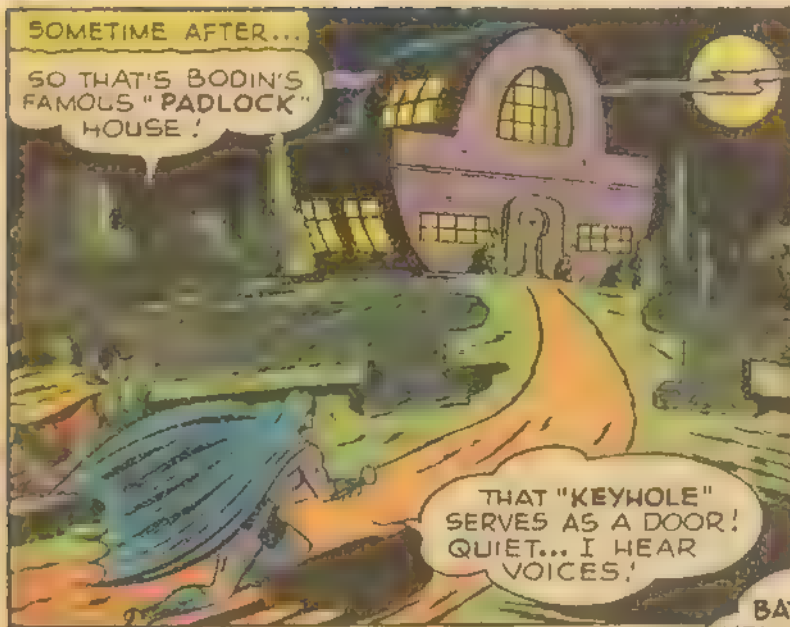
WHAT'S THE IDEA?

COMPRESSED AIR IS HIGH AIR... FILLED WITH EXCESS OXYGEN THAT CAUSES AN UNUSUALLY HOT FLAME!

THIS BUNSEN BURNER IS NOW CONVERTED INTO AN OXY-ACETYLENE TORCH, ABLE TO SEAR THROUGH STEEL! WE'LL BE OUT IN A JIFFY!

I WISH I WAS WEARING A HAT... SO I COULD TAKE IT OFF TO YOU!





SOMETIME AFTER...

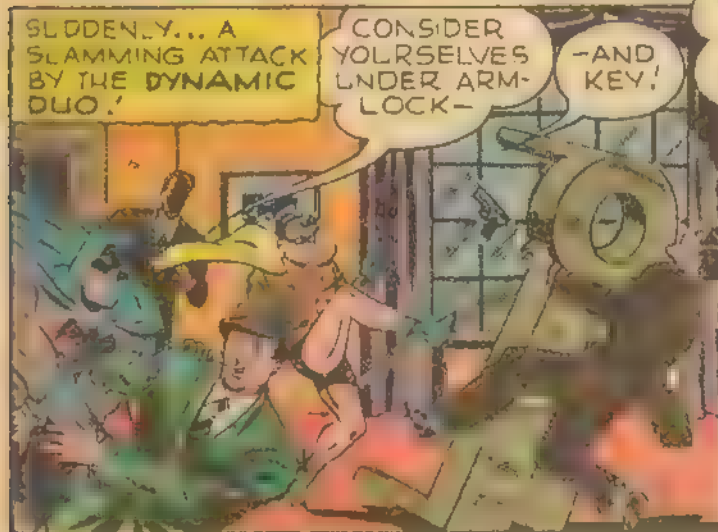
SO THAT'S BODIN'S  
FAMOUS "PADLOCK"  
HOUSE!

THAT "KEYHOLE"  
SERVES AS A DOOR!  
QUIET... I HEAR  
VOICES!



WHEN YOU KIDNAPED MY CHILD  
YOU SAID SHE'D BE RETURNED  
AFTER I DID TEN ROBBERIES  
FOR YOU! NOW I WANT MY  
DAUGHTER BACK!

THINK WE'D LET  
YOU LIVE TO TALK TO  
COPPER? HAW!  
PLUG 'IM, SLEEPY!



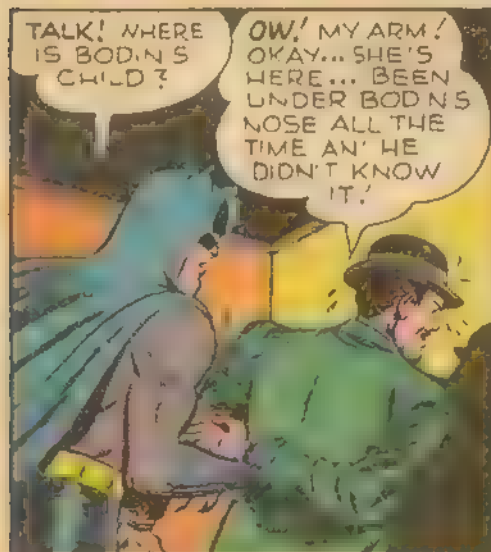
SLUDENLY... A  
SLAMMING ATTACK  
BY THE DYNAMIC  
DUO!

CONSIDER  
YOLRSELVES  
UNDER ARM-  
LOCK-

-AND  
KEY!

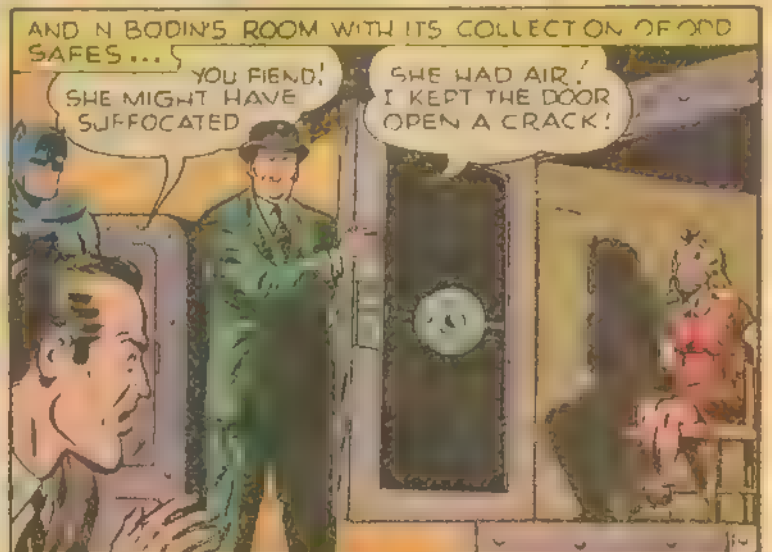
BATMAN, NOW  
YOU UNDERSTAND  
MY STRANGE  
ACTIONS AND  
HIDDEN  
MESSAGES!

BEING HONEST,  
YOU WANTED THE  
ROBBERIES STOPPED  
-WITHOUT GETTING  
GRAHAM SUSPICIOUS  
AND ENDANGERING  
YOUR DAUGHTER!



TALK! WHERE  
IS BODIN'S  
CHILD?

OW! MY ARM!  
OKAY... SHE'S  
HERE... BEEN  
UNDER BODIN'S  
NOSE ALL THE  
TIME AN' HE  
DIDN'T KNOW  
IT!



AND N BODIN'S ROOM WITH ITS COLLECTION OF ODD  
SAFES...

YOU FIEND!  
SHE MIGHT HAVE  
SUFFOCATED

SHE HAD AIR!  
I KEPT THE DOOR  
OPEN A CRACK!





ABRUPTLY, GRAHAM  
MAKES A SURPRISE  
MOVE...



...AND BEFORE BATMAN CAN  
PREVENT HIM, SLAMS THE VAULT  
DOOR SHUT.

LISTEN, ONLY  
BODIN AND I KNOW THE COMBIN-  
ATION THAT WILL OPEN THIS VAULT.  
LET ME GO AND I'LL PHONE IT  
TO YOU FROM MY HIDEOUT!  
OTHERWISE—THEY'LL DIE!  
THERE'S AIR INSIDE FOR  
ONLY AN HOUR!



HERE'S MY ANSWER! I NEVER  
TRUST A CROOK! YOU AND  
YOUR KIND ARE DISHONEST  
TO BEGIN WITH—SO I  
KNOW YOU'D NEVER  
KEEP YOUR  
WORD!



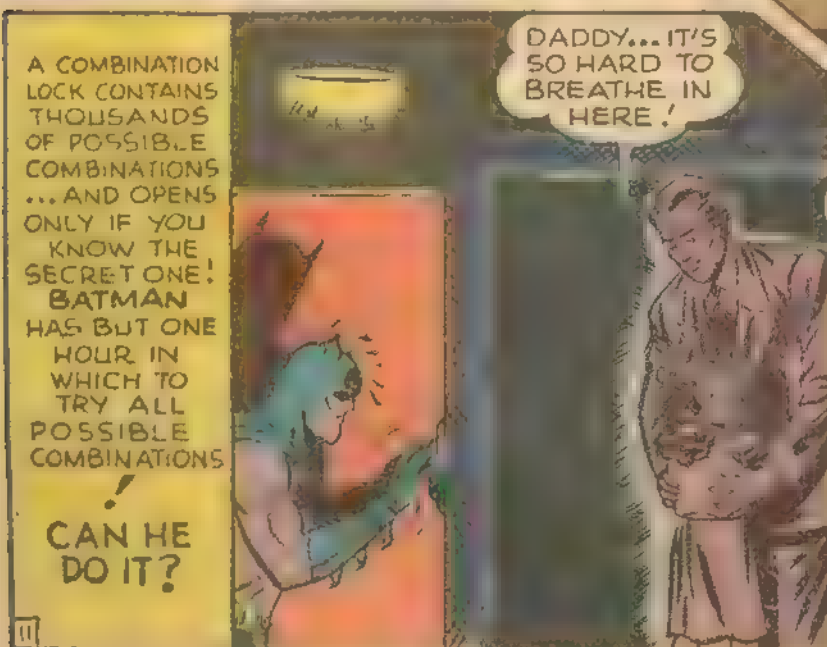
WHAT  
NOW?



ONLY ONE THING  
TO DO—BATMAN  
WILL TURN SAFE-  
CRACKER!

A COMBINATION  
LOCK CONTAINS  
THOUSANDS  
OF POSSIBLE  
COMBINATIONS  
...AND OPENS  
ONLY IF YOU  
KNOW THE  
SECRET ONE!  
BATMAN  
HAS BUT ONE  
HOUR IN  
WHICH TO  
TRY ALL  
POSSIBLE  
COMBINATIONS

CAN HE  
DO IT?



DADDY... IT'S  
SO HARD TO  
BREATHE IN  
HERE!

IT'S NO GOOD! I'VE GOT  
ONE CHANCE—AND IT'S A  
LONG ONE! BUT TO DO IT,  
I'LL NEED A NEEDLE FROM  
YOUR UTILITY BELT!



HOW DOES BATMAN HOPE  
TO OPEN A STEEL SAFE  
WITH A SLENDER NEEDLE?

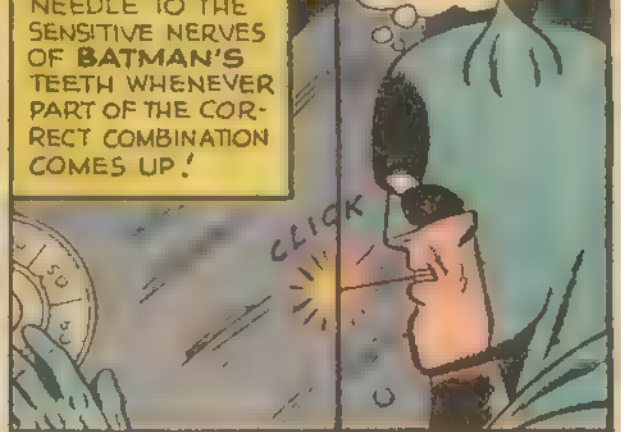
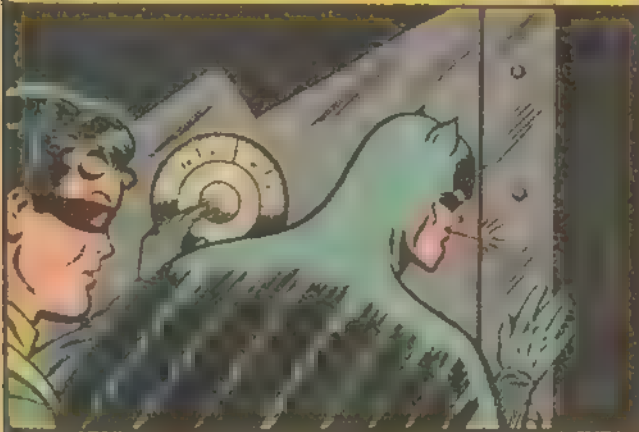




CLAMPING A NEEDLE BETWEEN HIS TEETH, BATMAN INSERTS ITS SHARP POINT INTO THE LOCK TUMBLER AND SPINS THE DIAL...

AND TELL-TALE DELICATE CLICKS VIBRATE THE NEEDLE TO THE SENSITIVE NERVES OF BATMAN'S TEETH WHENEVER PART OF THE CORRECT COMBINATION COMES UP!

THAT'S 47 LEFT... 18 RIGHT...



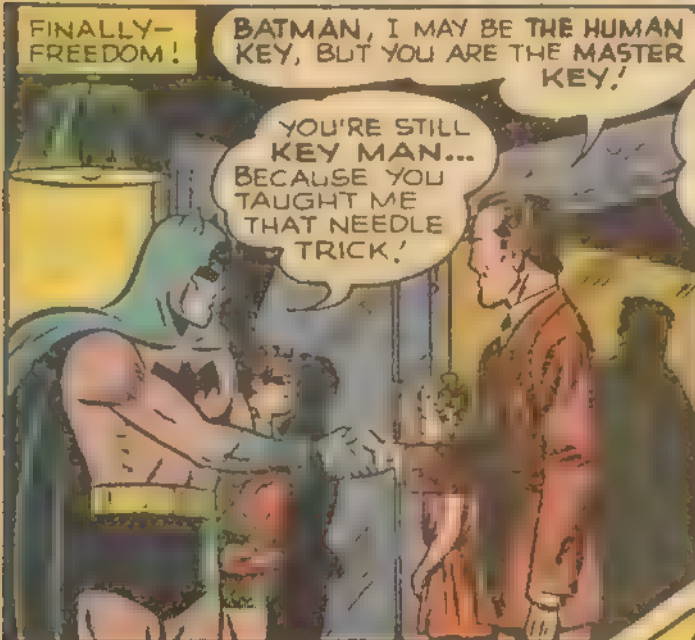
FINALLY—FREEDOM!

BATMAN, I MAY BE THE HUMAN KEY, BUT YOU ARE THE MASTER KEY!

YOU'RE STILL KEY MAN... BECAUSE YOU TAUGHT ME THAT NEEDLE TRICK!

LATER...

BATMAN HAS EXPLAINED EVERYTHING! AND SINCE YOU'VE HELPED RECOVER THE STOLEN LOOT, WE CAN RELEASE YOU!

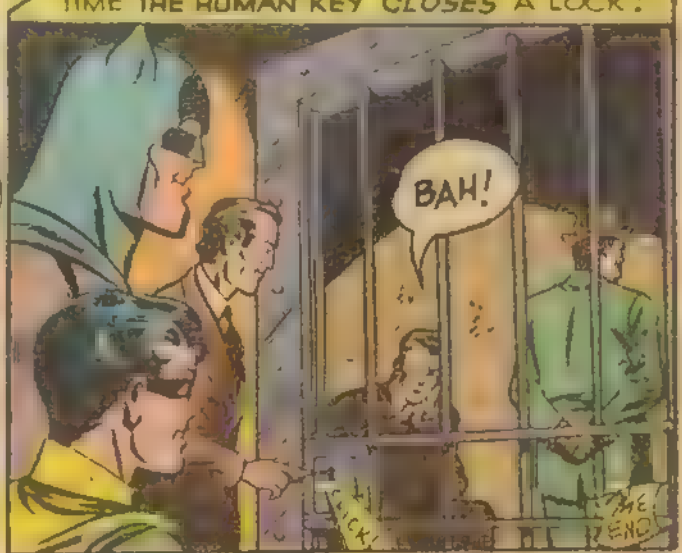
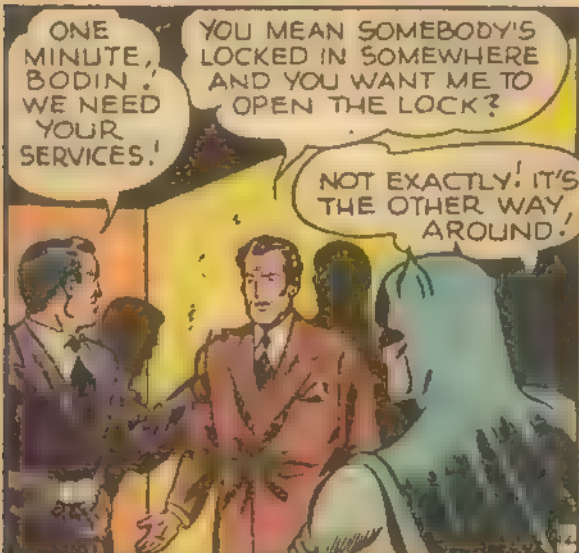


AND INDEED IT IS—FOR THIS IS ONE TIME THE HUMAN KEY CLOSES A LOCK!

ONE MINUTE, BODIN! WE NEED YOUR SERVICES!

YOU MEAN SOMEBODY'S LOCKED IN SOMEWHERE AND YOU WANT ME TO OPEN THE LOCK?

NOT EXACTLY! IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

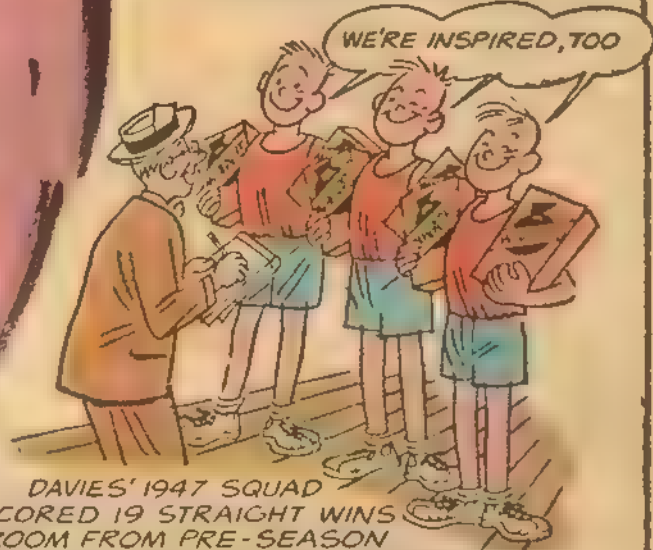


BAH!

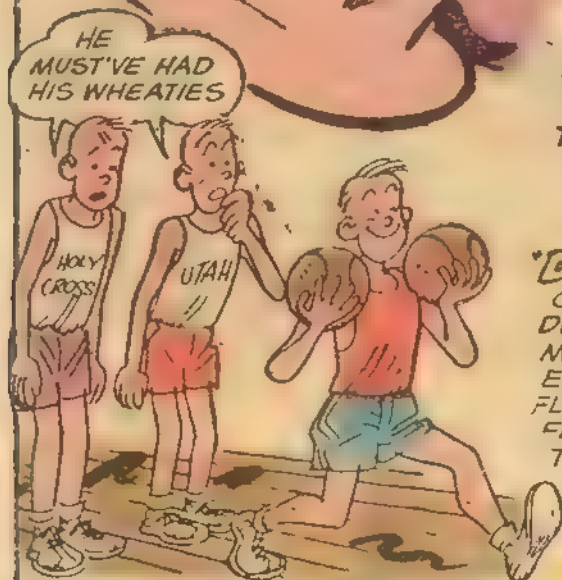


# "Chick" DAVIES

CHAMPION BASKETBALL COACH  
DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY

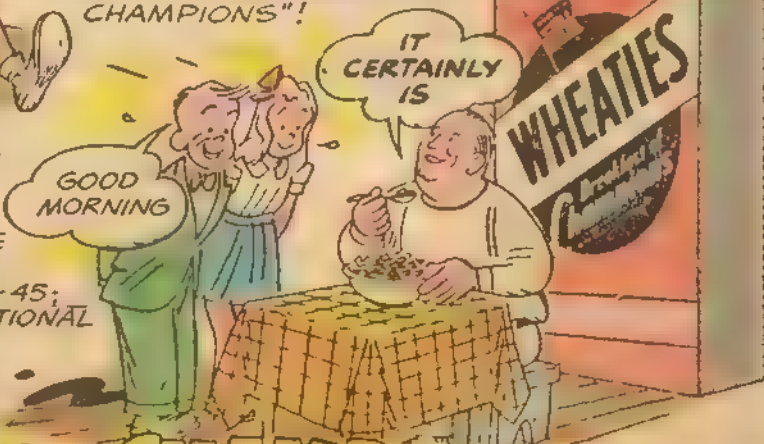


DAVIES' 1947 SQUAD  
SCORED 19 STRAIGHT WINS  
TO ZOOM FROM PRE-SEASON  
OBSCURITY TO TOP-RANK AMONG  
THE NATION'S TEAMS. THE INSPIRED  
PITTSBURGH FIVE PILED UP 1235 POINTS  
IN 21 GAMES



"DROP AROUND MY HOUSE SOME MORNING," SAYS CHICK DAVIES, "AND YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND ME DIGGING INTO A BIG BOWL OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT." VITAMINS, MINERALS, FOOD ENERGY IN THESE 100% WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES. FAMOUS SECOND HELPING FLAVOR. HAD YOUR WHEATIES TODAY? "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"!

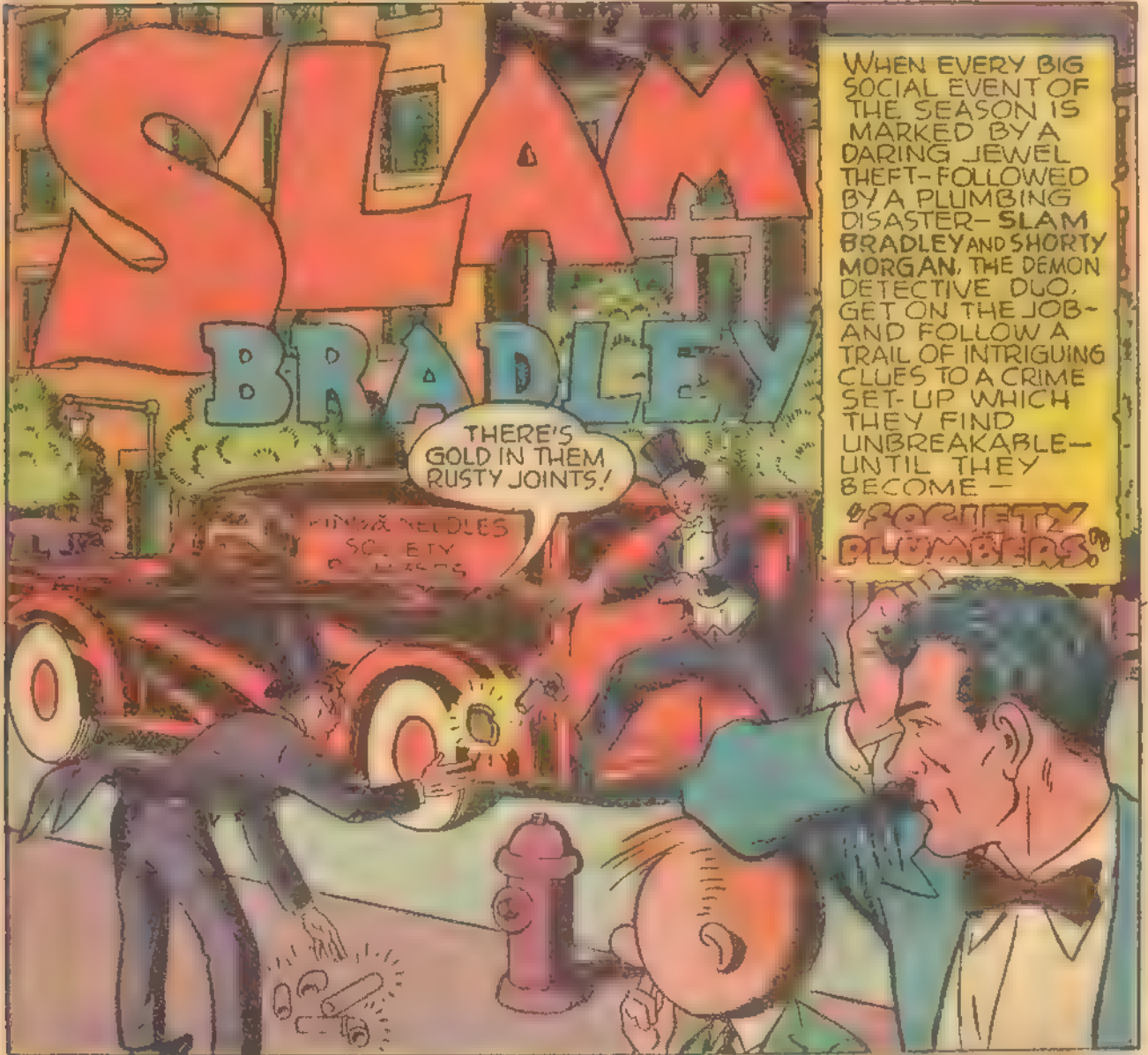
ON SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS, DAVIES' SHARPSHOOTERS TURNED BACK THE TEAMS WHICH WERE TO WIN 1947'S TWO NATIONAL BASKETBALL TITLES. JAN. 3 THE DUKES DEFEATED HOLY CROSS (COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONS) 55-45; JAN. 4 THEY BEAT UTAH (INVITATIONAL CHAMPIONS) 59-50



WHEATIES  
**BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS**  
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

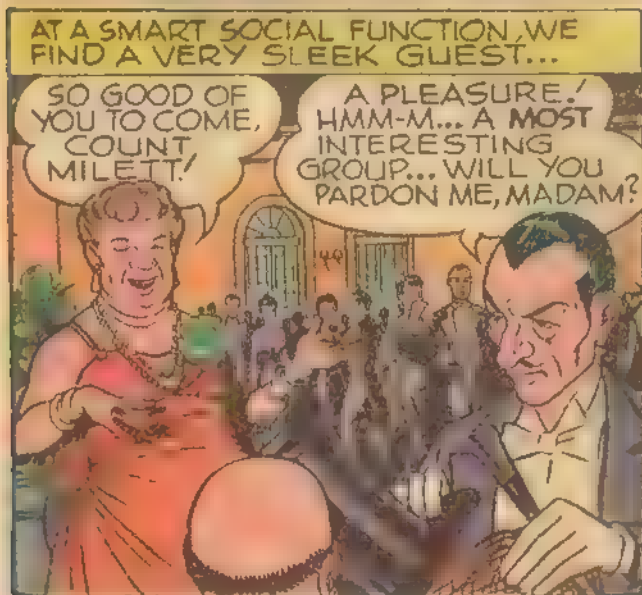
Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.





WHEN EVERY BIG SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON IS MARKED BY A DARING JEWEL THEFT—FOLLOWED BY A PLUMBING DISASTER—SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, THE DEMON DETECTIVE DUO, GET ON THE JOB—AND FOLLOW A TRAIL OF INTRIGUING CLUES TO A CRIME SET-UP WHICH THEY FIND UNBREAKABLE—UNTIL THEY BECOME —

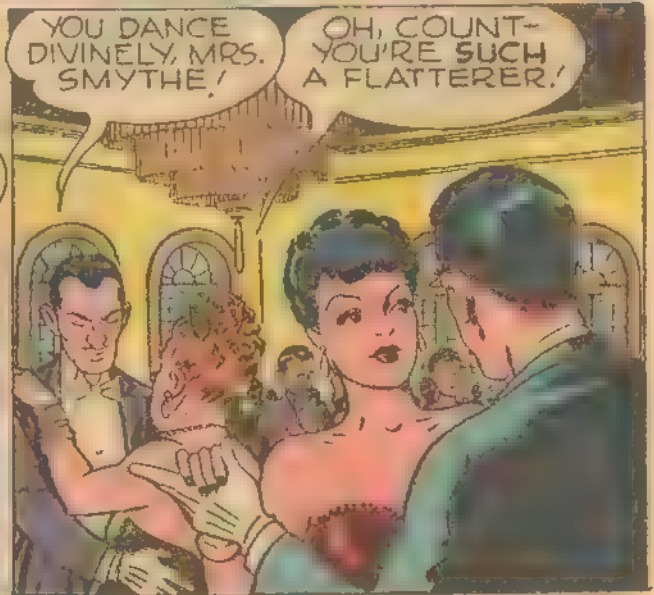
**“SOCIETY PLUMBERS”!**



AT A SMART SOCIAL FUNCTION, WE FIND A VERY SLEEK GUEST...

SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME, COUNT MILETT!

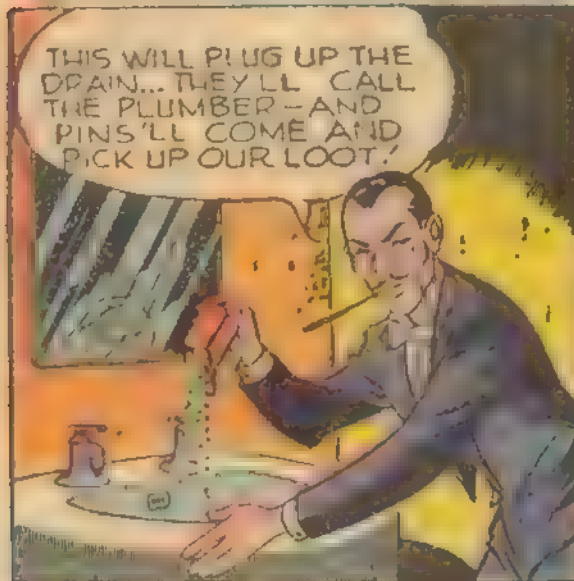
A PLEASURE! HMM-M... A MOST INTERESTING GROUP... WILL YOU PARDON ME, MADAM?



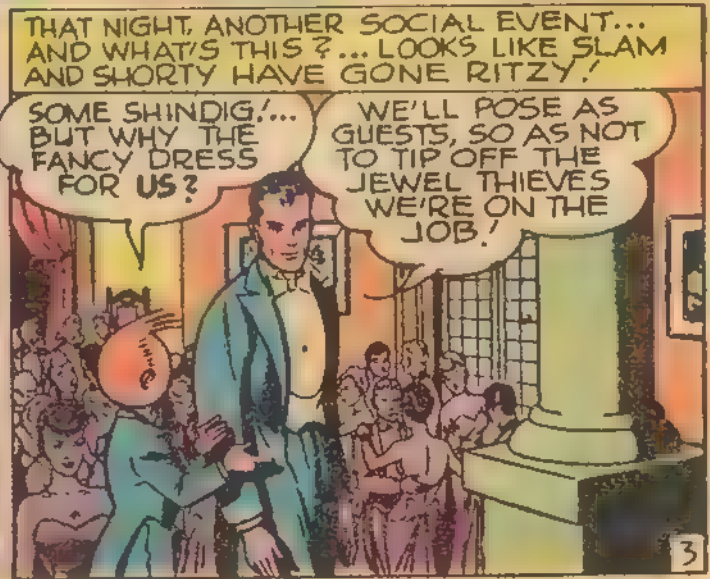
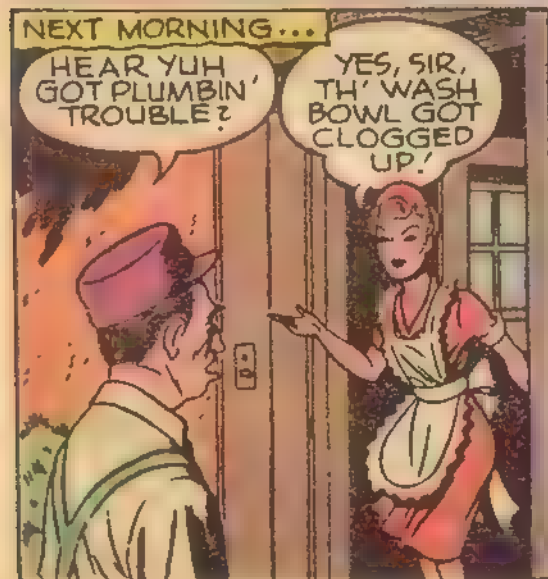
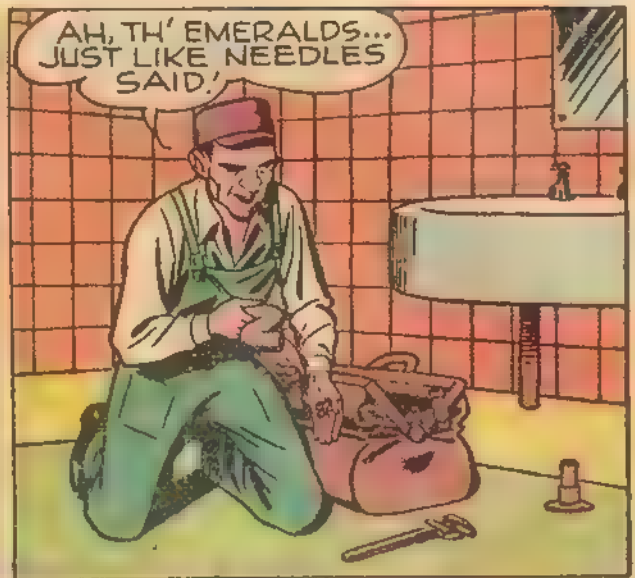
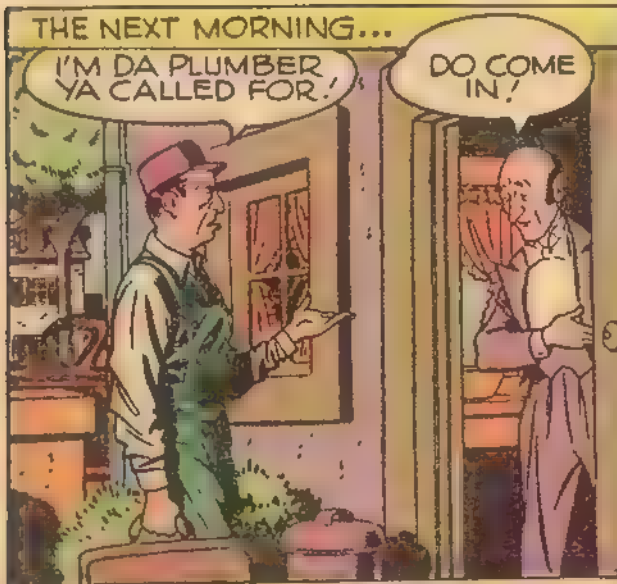
YOU DANCE DIVINELY, MRS. SMYTHE!

OH, COUNT—YOU'RE SUCH A FLATTERER!

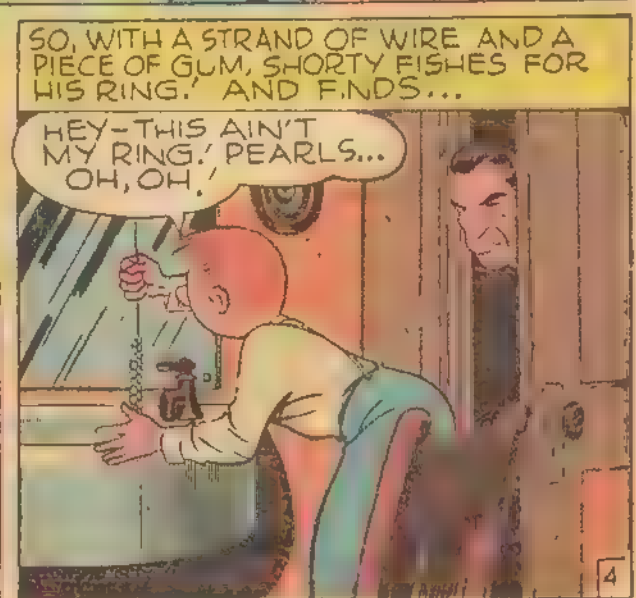
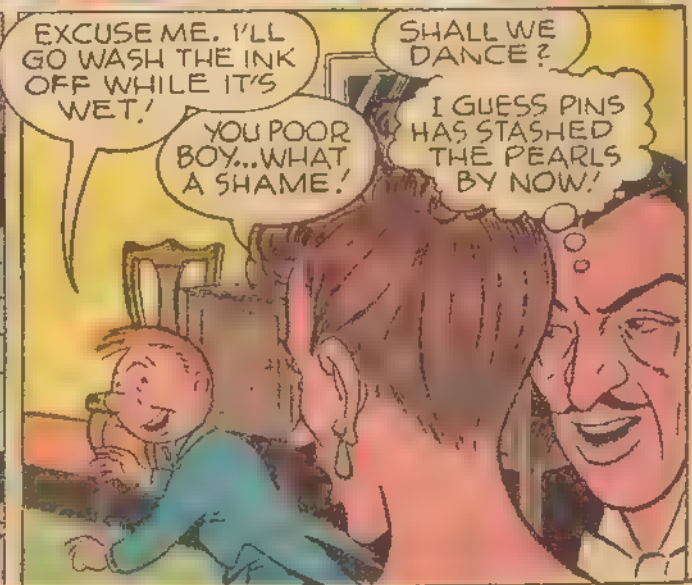
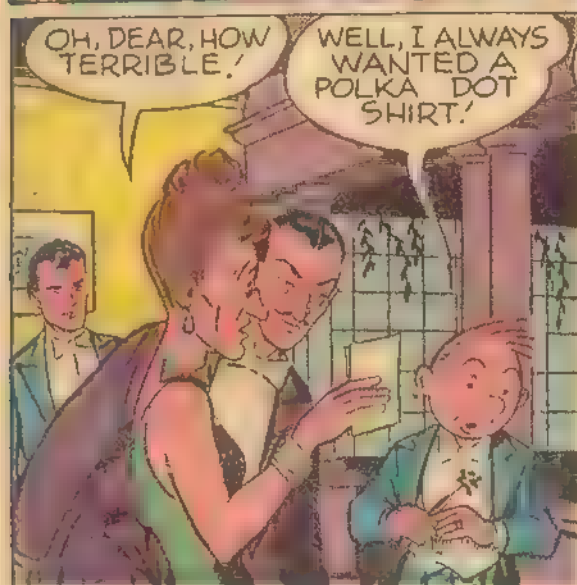
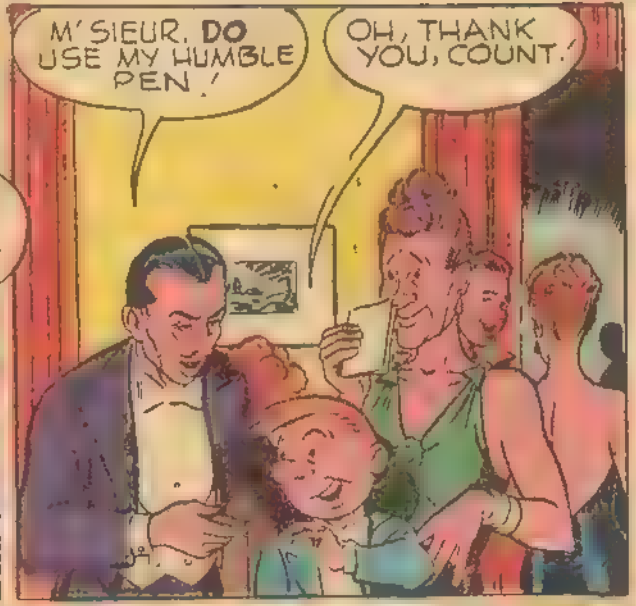
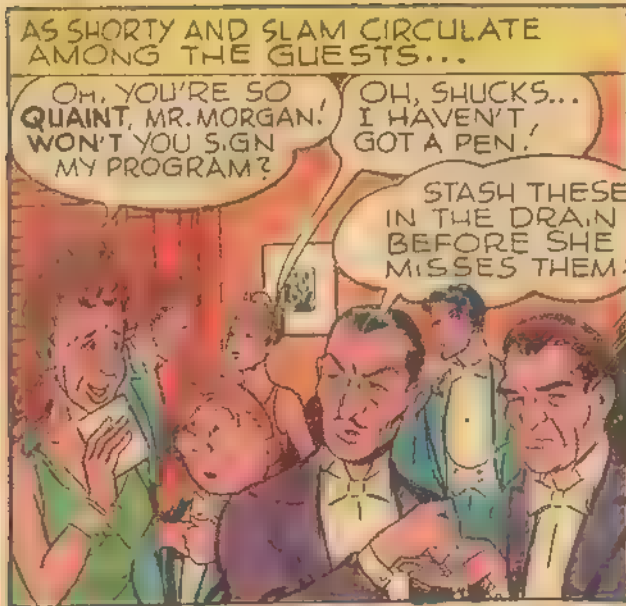




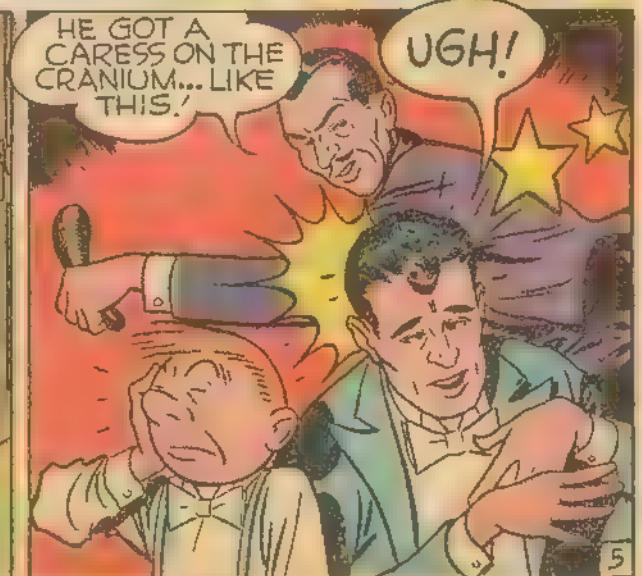
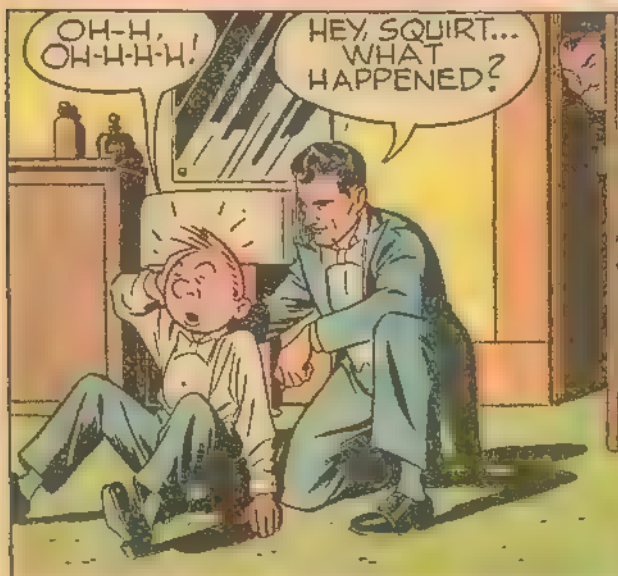
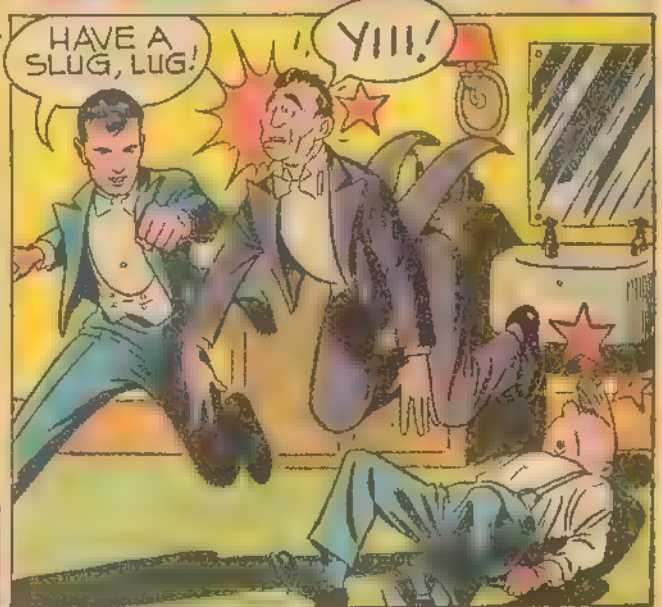
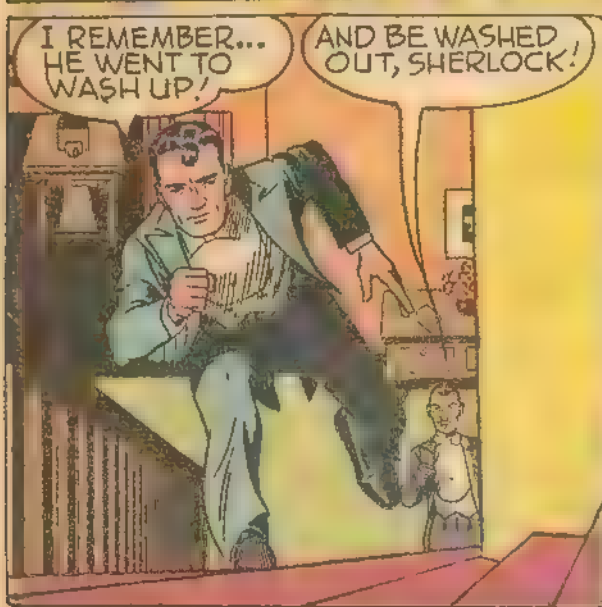
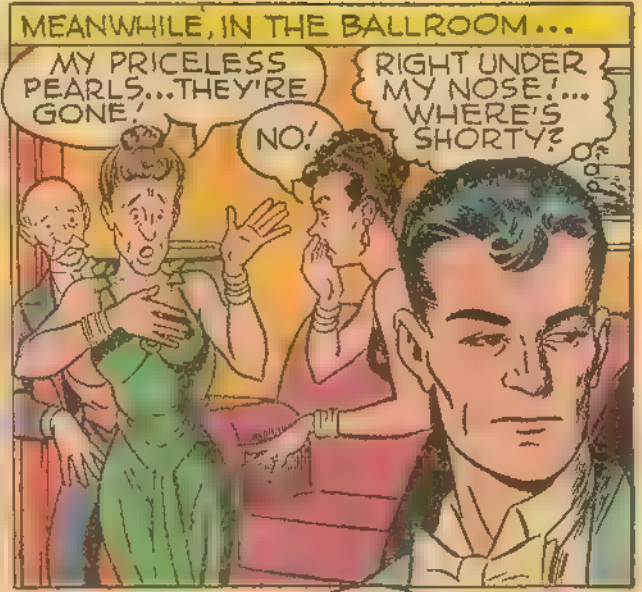
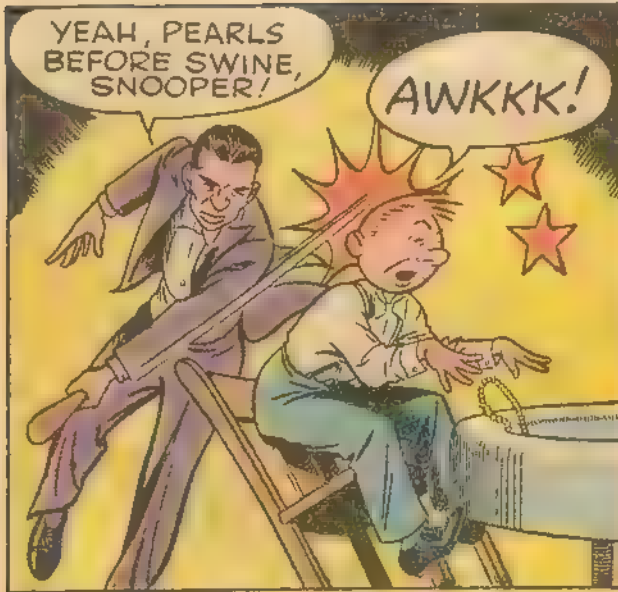




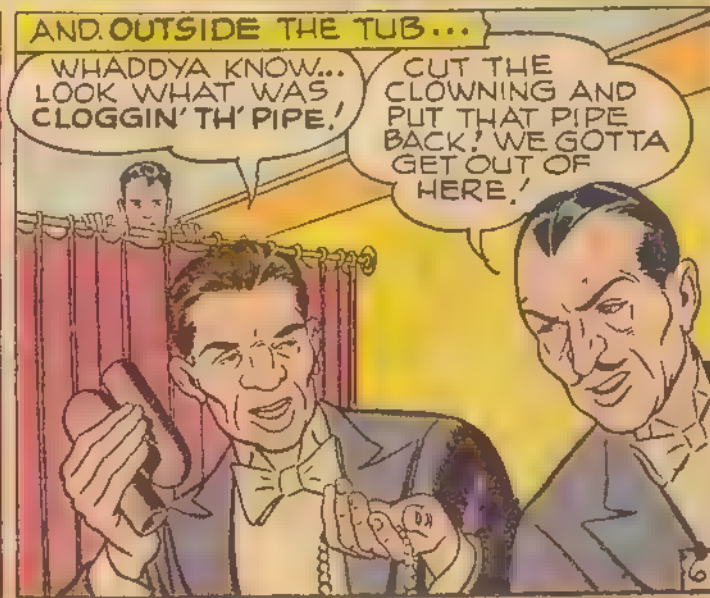
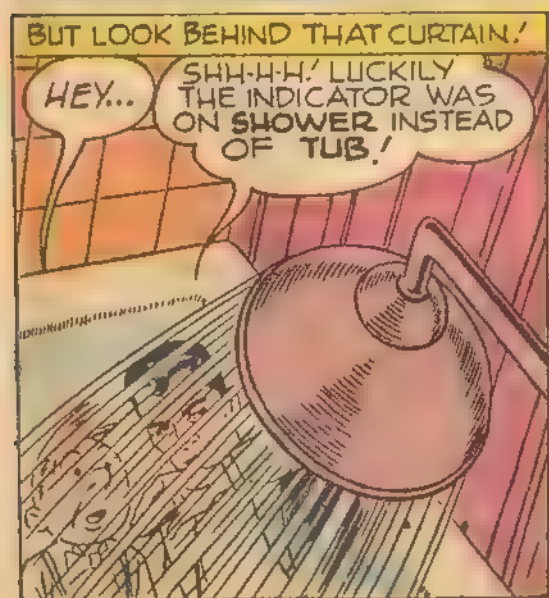
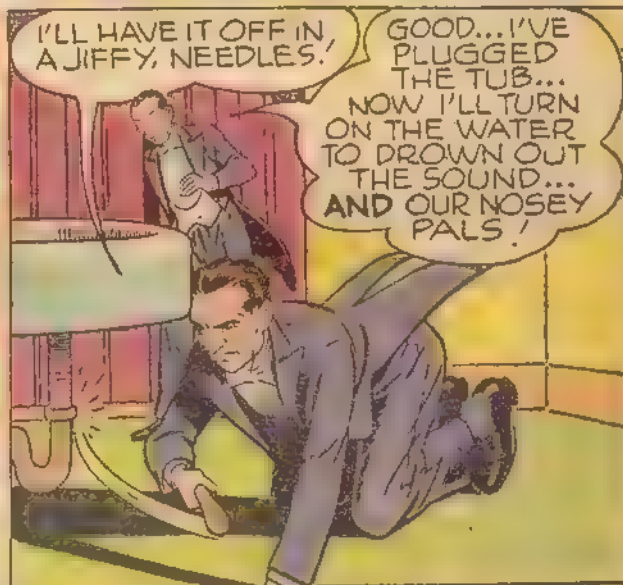
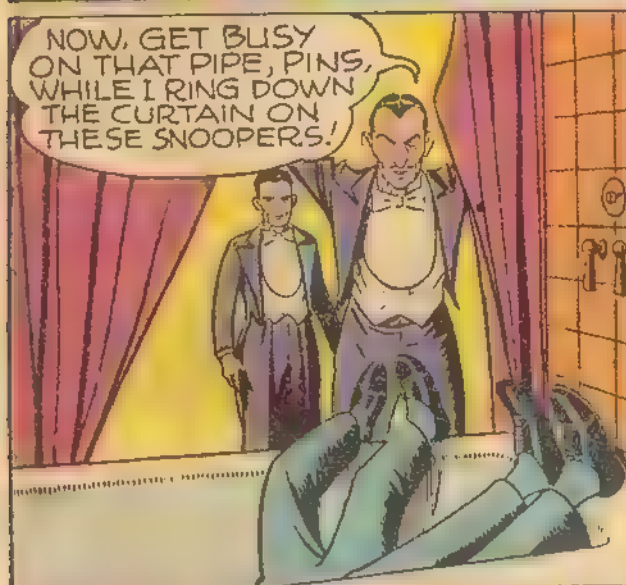
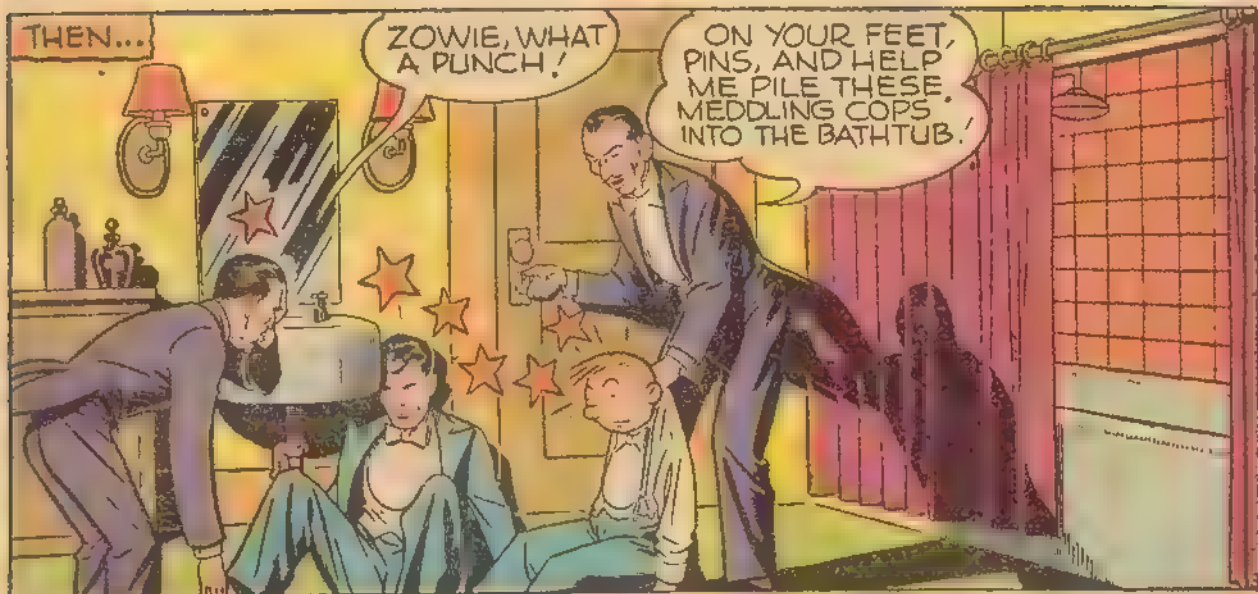




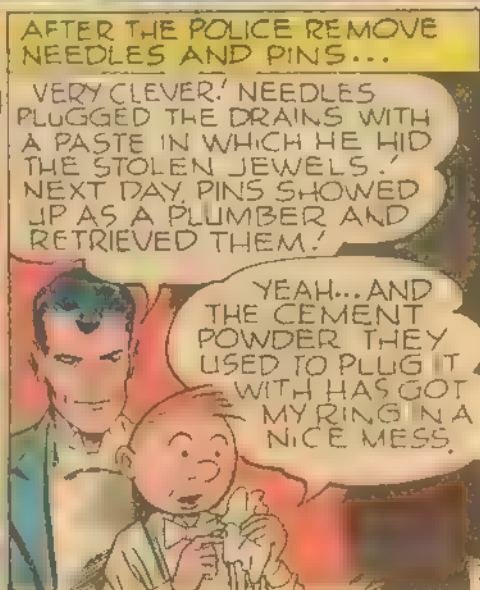
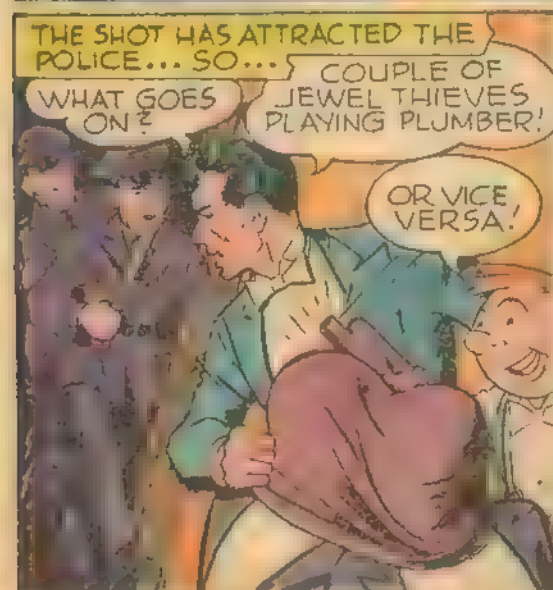
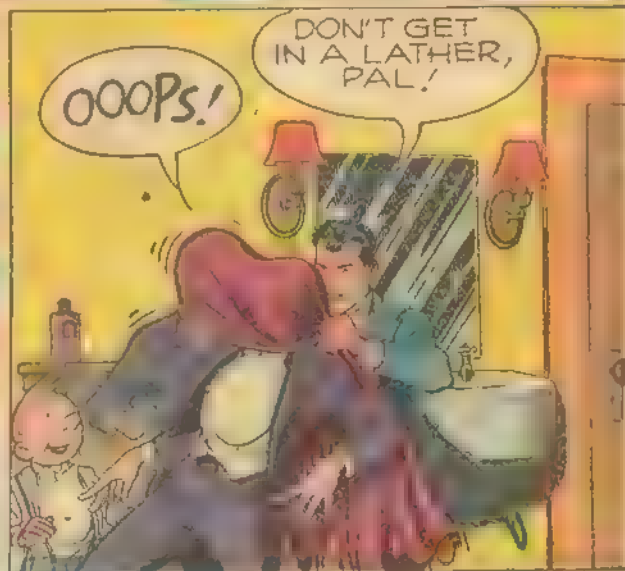
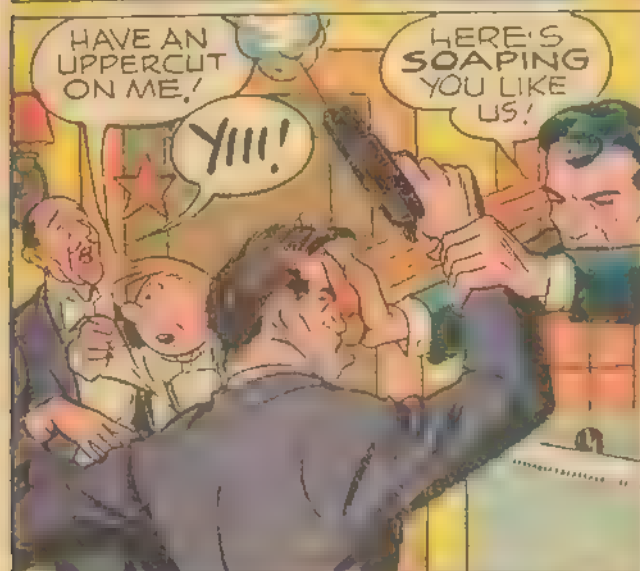












HAVE YOU READ *Superboy?* HE'S ACES WHEN IT COMES TO ADVENTURE-  
*Adventure Comics*



BOYS AND GIRLS! LEAVE IT TO



TO GIVE YOU A TEEN AGE LAUGH RIOT LIKE

LEAVE IT TO  
**Binky**

YOU'LL HAVE A CRUSH  
ON BINKY'S GIRL -  
PEGGY!



YOU'LL  
LIKE BINKY'S  
PA AND MA!

YOU'LL LOVE  
HIS SISTER  
LUCY!



YOU'LL LAUGH AT  
BINKY'S KID  
BROTHER,  
ALLERGY!

**BUT**

WHEN IT COMES TO REAL LAUGHS



"LEAVE IT TO  
**Binky**"



DON'T MISS  
THIS  
FIRST BIG  
ISSUE ON  
SALE DEC.  
26TH. AT  
ALL NEWS  
STANDS!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, MARCH 3, 1907, AND JULY 2, 1916 OF DETECTIVE COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1947

State of New York  
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn, acknowledged to me, said Notary Public, in his capacity as Business Manager of DETECTIVE COMICS, that the foregoing is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true and correct statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date on which the same captioned as required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1907 and July 2, 1916 (Section 27, Title 2, U.S.C. and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comic Publ. Co., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. A. Ellison, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managers, Editor-in-Chief, Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated, and also the names and addresses of all stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock; if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner must be given. National Comic Publications, Inc., Harry Donenfeld, Sophie Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, Rose Liebowitz, F. R. Sampliner, Jacob L. Sampliner, Jacob R. Liebowitz and Abraham

1. Merin as Successor Trustees for Ira L. Donenfeld, Jacob R. Liebowitz and Abraham L. Merin as sole owner Trustees for Sophie Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

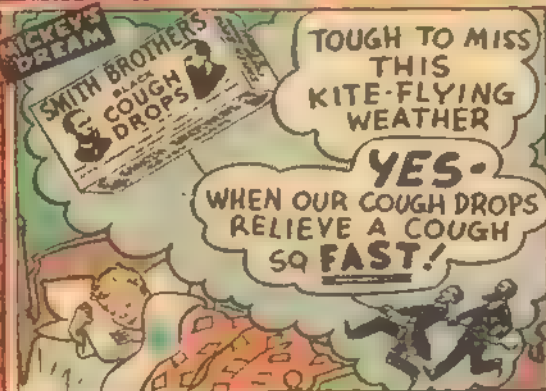
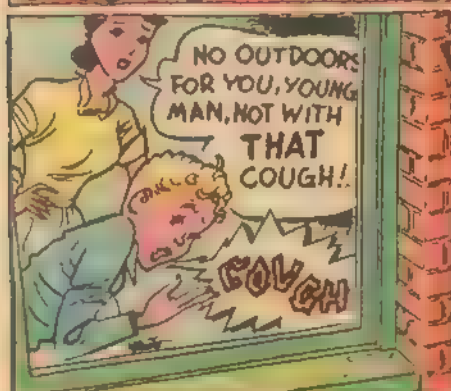
4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders if any, contain no only the full names of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as holder of any other security, the name of the person or corporation for whom such stock is held. It is given also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as holders of stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person owns or is a corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Witnessed and subscribed before me this 28th day of September 1947  
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public, Commission expires March 30, 1948



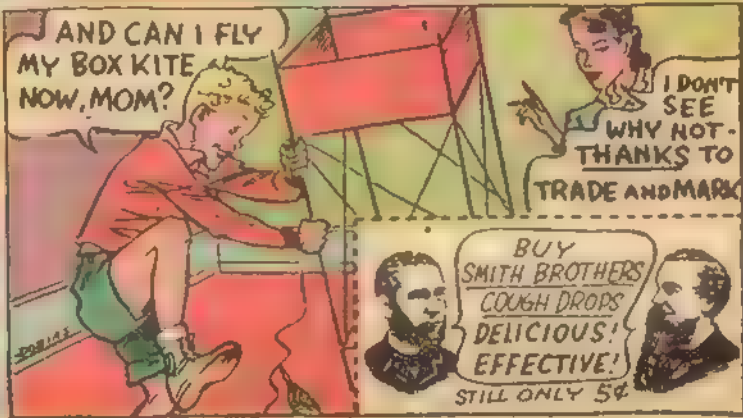
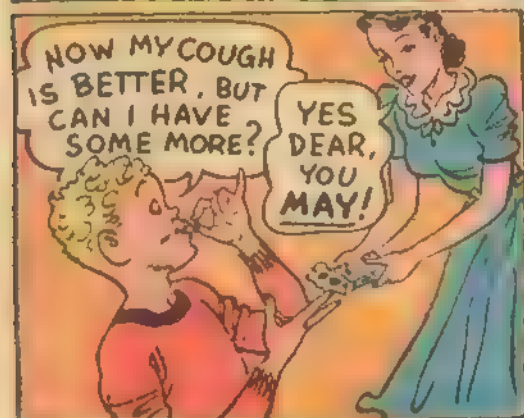
# Mickey Marvel by E. B. Black



## Smith Brothers Cough Drops Help 3 Ways

- ① Eases tickle
- ② Soothes membranes
- ③ Loosens phlegm

★ for coughs due to colds



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WONDER WOMAN  
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS





# AIR WAVE

*Like to skate?*

IT'S FUN—AND THE WAY TED DOES IT, IT'S MONEY IN HIS POCKETS, TOO... UNTIL HE ROLLS RIGHT INTO A MESS OF TROUBLE! BUT WHEN A GOOD SKATE LIKE AIR WAVE COMES TO HIS AID... CROOKS SCOOT TO SAFETY AS THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS RSKS LIFE AND LIMB TO PUT THE SKIDS UNDER...

**"Skates for Scoundrels!"**



DISTRICT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN WATCHES SOME SKATING KIDS COAST DOWN A HILL...



THOSE KIDS ARE SKATING TOO FAST...

THEN...

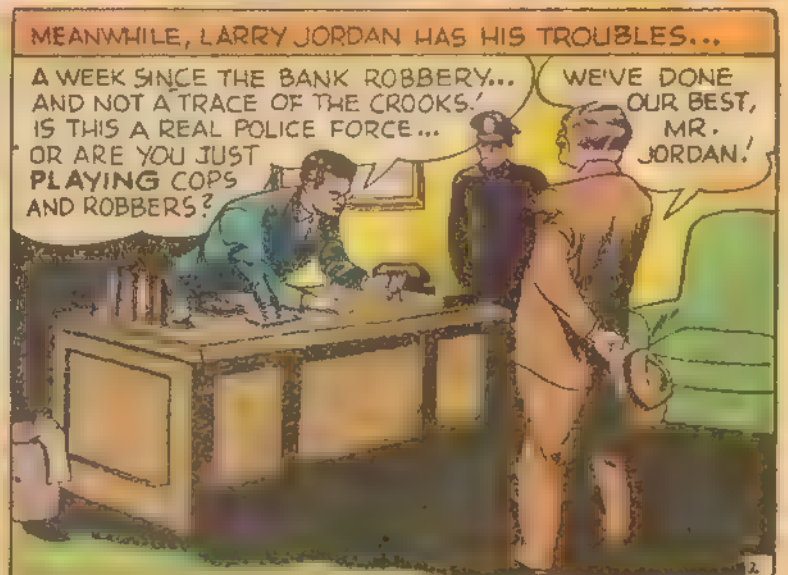
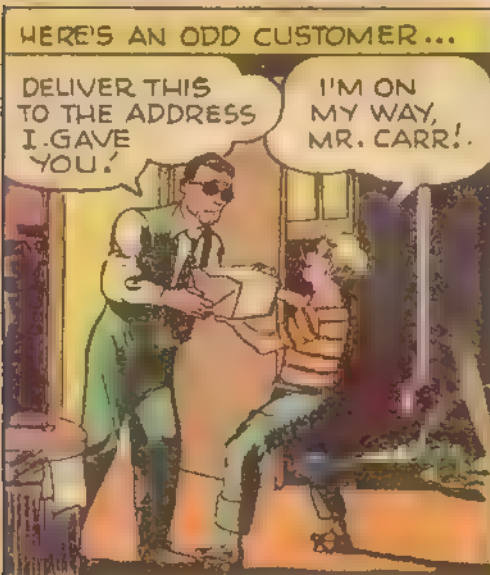
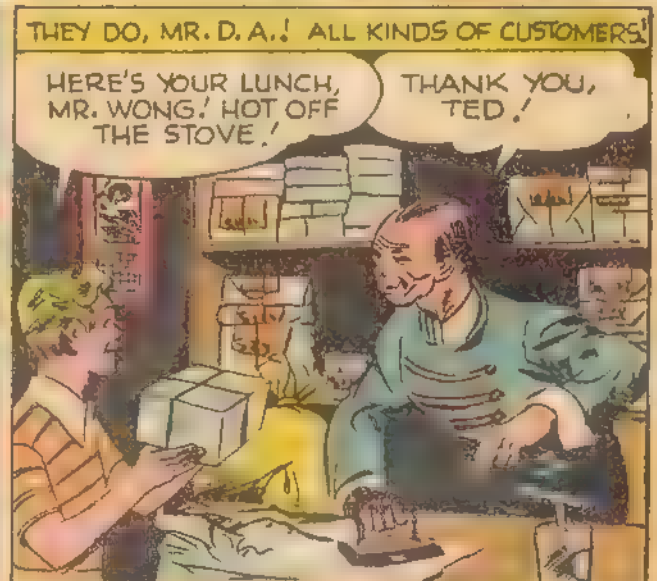
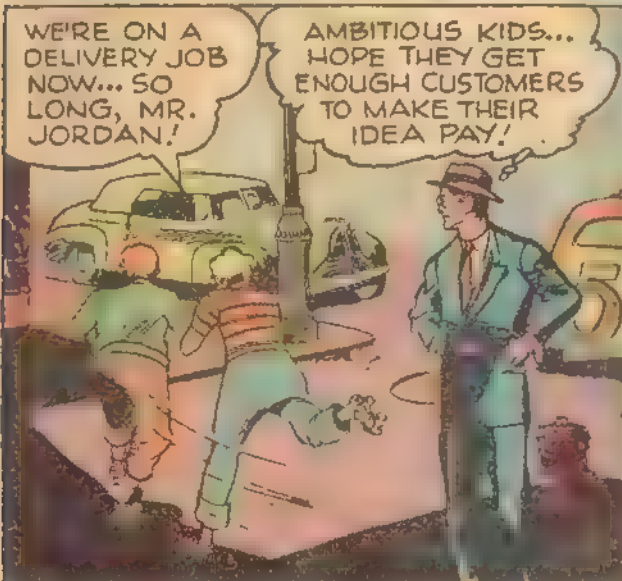
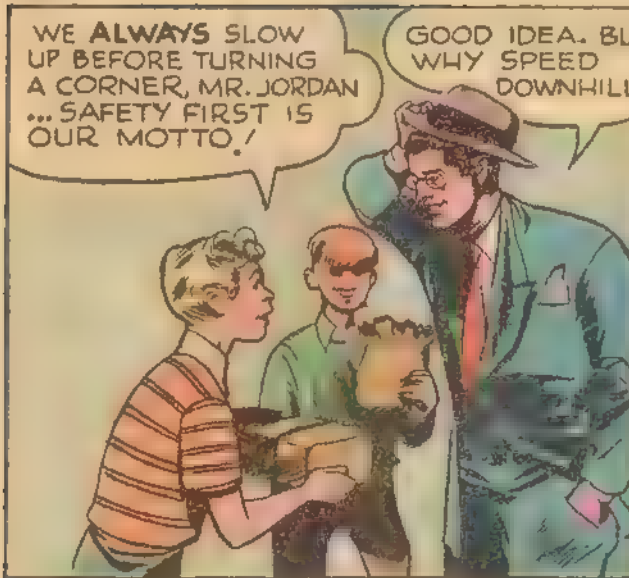
BRAKES!

THAT'S SLOWING UP IN A HURRY!



RIGHT, TED!









THEIR BEST...AND NOT A SINGLE CLUE! GUESS IT'S TIME FOR AIR WAVE TO GET ON THE JOB.



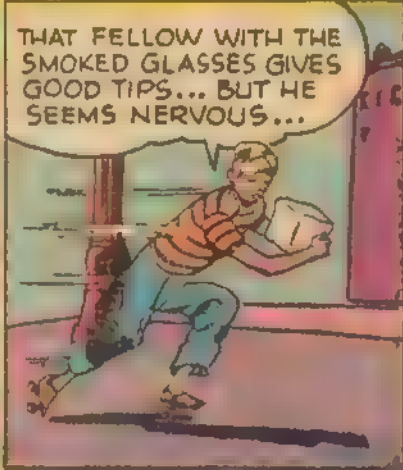
AND SO, THAT EVENING... A QUICK CHANGE, FROM D.A. TO WIZARD OF WIRELESS!



LET'S GO, STATIC!

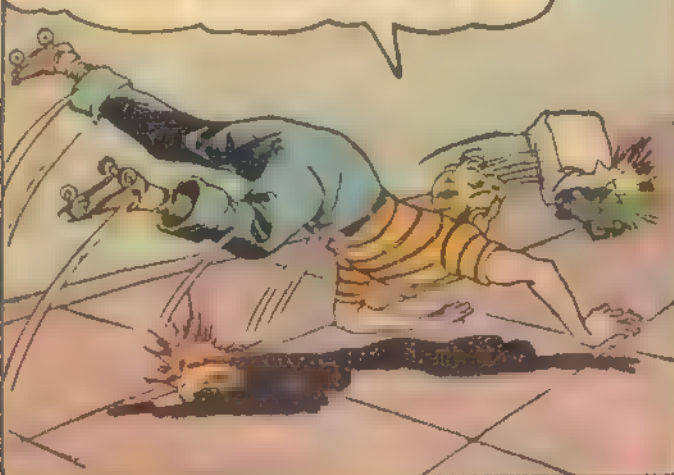
A ROLLING STONE IS ONLY SKIN DEEP! AWWRK!

AS AIR WAVE PREPARES FOR ACTION... TED JONES MAKES HIS LAST DELIVERY OF THE DAY.



THAT FELLOW WITH THE SMOKED GLASSES GIVES GOOD TIPS... BUT HE SEEMS NERVOUS...

OOPS! DIDN'T SEE THAT CRACK IN THE PAVEMENT! AND THE PACKAGE BROKE!



\$100 BILLS! WOW! I'D BETTER DELIVER THIS IN A HURRY!



MEANWHILE, THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO TUNES IN ON DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE CITY...

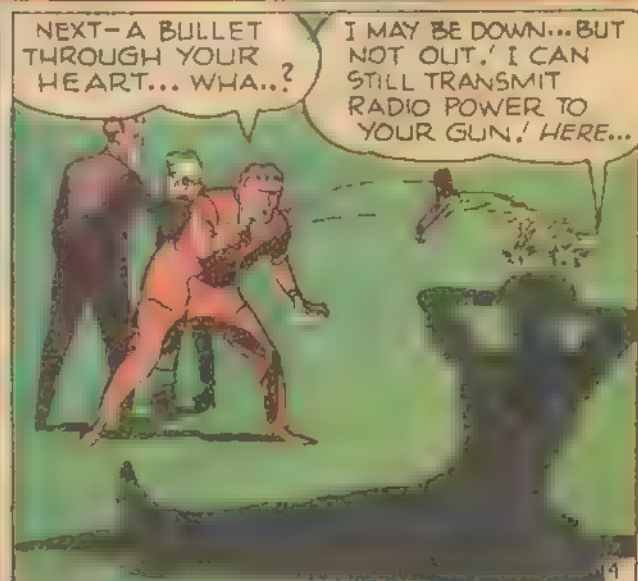
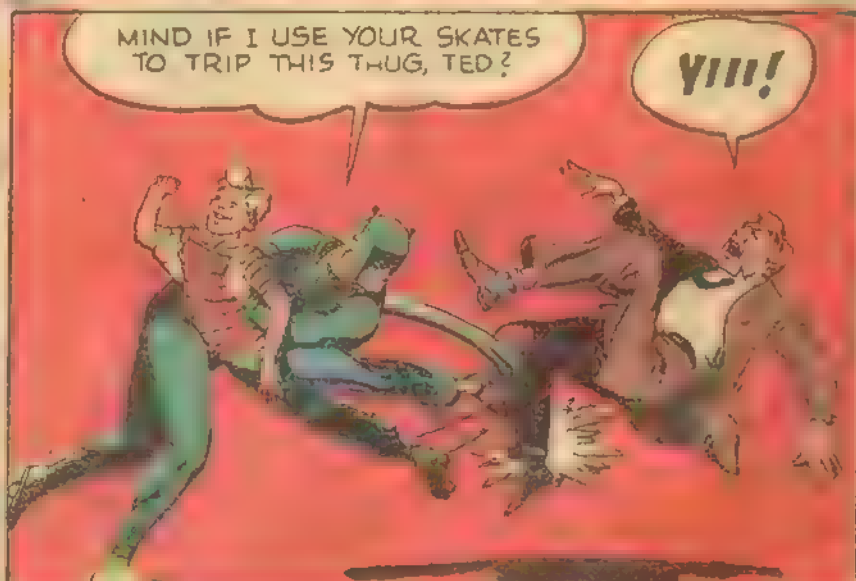
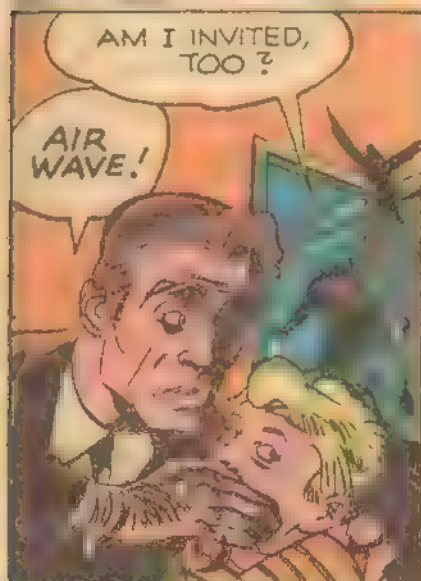
\$100 BILLS! WOW!...

A KID'S VOICE! I THINK I'LL INVESTIGATE...



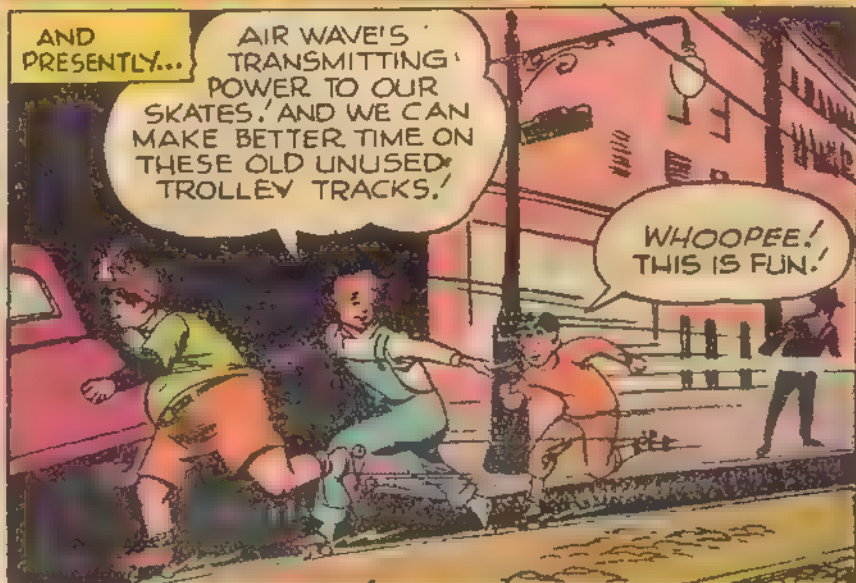
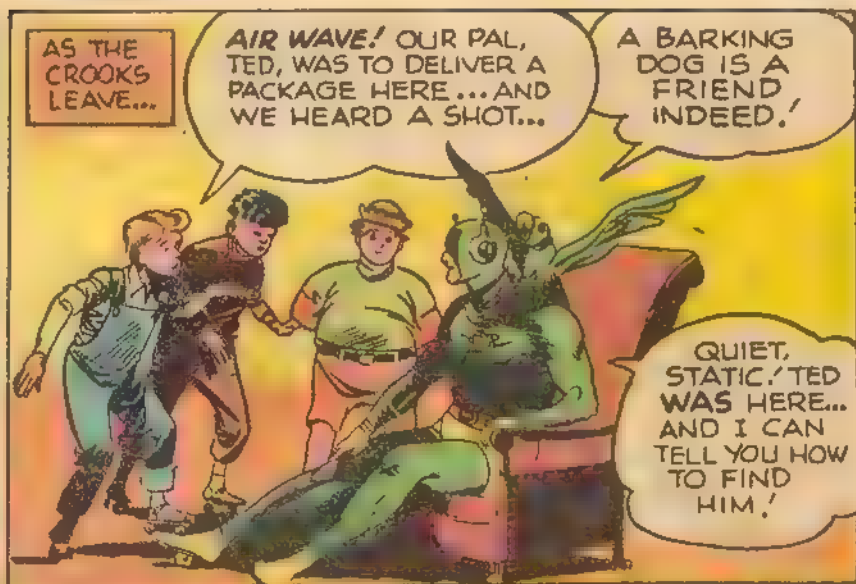
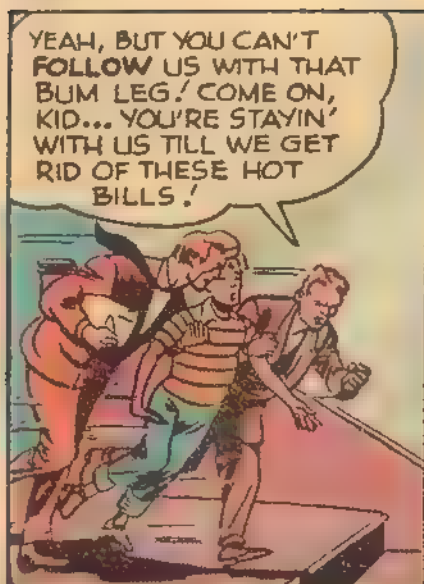
A PENNY SAVED BUTTERS NO PARSNIPS! AWWRK!





I MAY BE DOWN... BUT NOT OUT. I CAN STILL TRANSMIT RADIO POWER TO YOUR GUN! HERE...

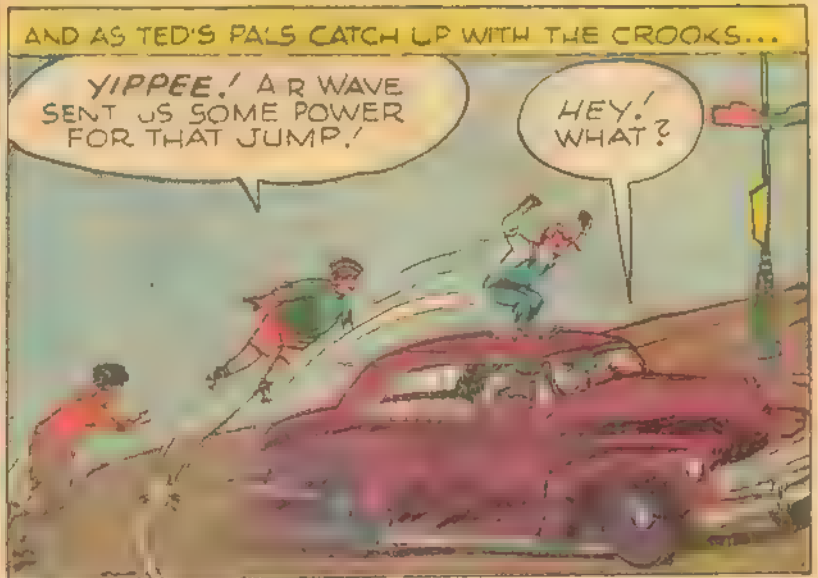








DON'T BOTHER MOVING, FRIEND... I'LL GET BY!



AND AS TED'S PALS CATCH UP WITH THE CROOKS...

YIPPEE! A R WAVE SENT US SOME POWER FOR THAT JUMP!

HEY! WHAT?



THOSE KIDS ARE MOIDER!

I FEEL LIKE I GOT LOOSE WHEELS IN MY HEAD FROM THEM SKATES!

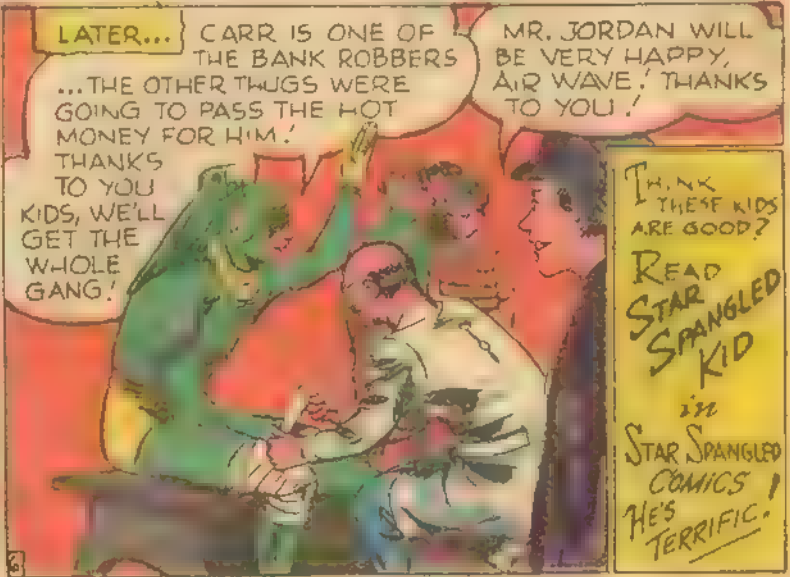


HIYA, RATS! CAN'T USE MY FEET... BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY HEAD!



I CAN FINISH YOU HANDS DOWN!

A BIRD IN THE HAND CRIES OVER SPLIT MILK!



LATER...

CARR IS ONE OF THE BANK ROBBERS ...THE OTHER THUGS WERE GOING TO PASS THE HOT MONEY FOR HIM!

THANKS TO YOU KIDS, WE'LL GET THE WHOLE GANG!

MR. JORDAN WILL BE VERY HAPPY, AIR WAVE! THANKS TO YOU!

THINK THESE KIDS ARE GOOD?  
READ  
STAR SPANGLED KID  
in  
STAR SPANGLED COMICS!  
HE'S TERRIFIC!





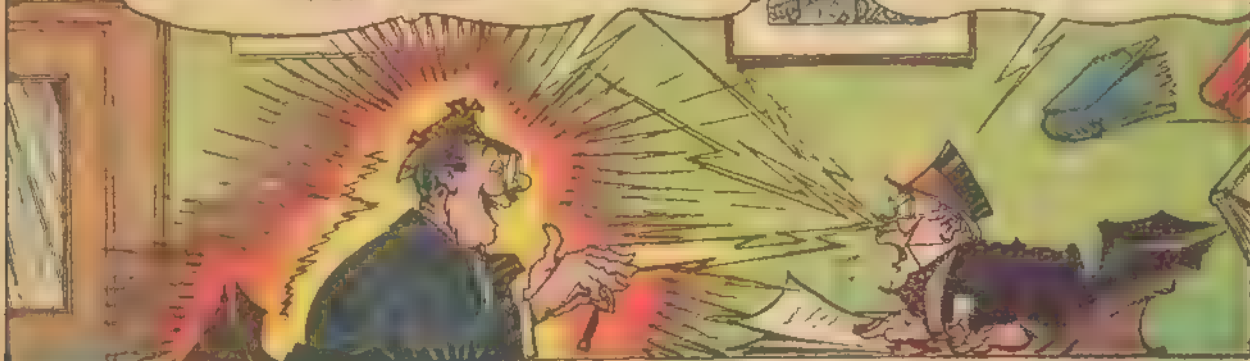
# THREE-RING BINKS

*by* JACK  
FARR

BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR  
ALL CIRCUS, MOVIE, RADIO AND  
FLOOR SHOW HEADLINE ACTS -

B'RRER BINKS, YOU'RE NOW MEETIN' UP  
WITH **ELECTRICOLA** - THE HUMAN DYNAMO!  
THASS ME! I'VE GOT MORE NATURAL  
'LECTRICITY IN ME BODY, BUD, THAN ANY  
TWO HUN'NERT ORD'NARY HOOMAN  
MORTALS PUT TOGETHER! JUS' LEMME  
QUICK STRUT MY STUFF FOR YOU,  
PODNER, AN' YOU'LL **BOOK ME**  
**FOR LIFE!**

GET OFF THAT AIR  
WAVE, DUNCE - YOU'RE  
FULL OF STATIC!  
THEN SIT DOWN A  
SPELL AND I'LL TELL  
YOU JUST WHY I'M  
OFF'N YOUR KIND OF  
ACT FOR LIFE - NOW  
LISTEN ...



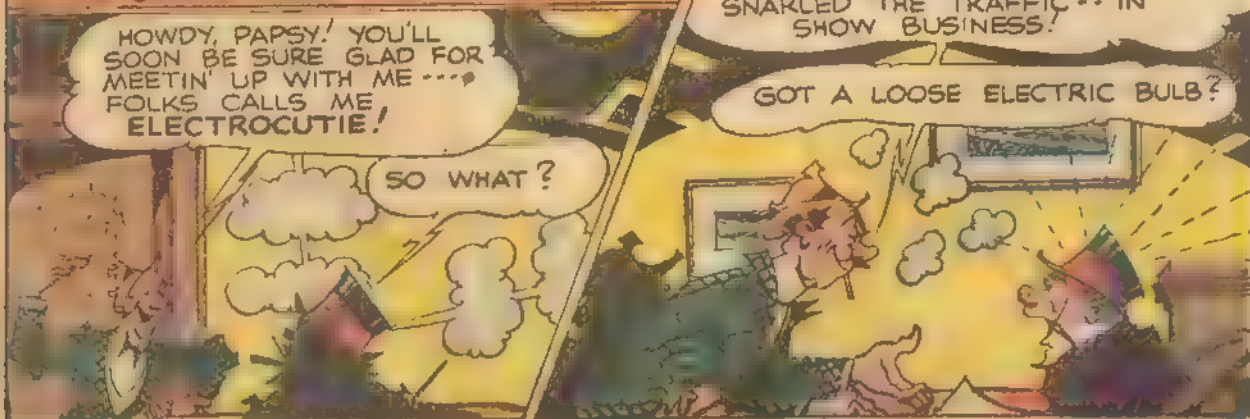
SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO, I'M PLENTY  
SORRY WITH A WASHED-UP CARNIVAL OUT  
IN THE STICKS, WHEN ONE DAY ---

HOWDY, PAPS! YOU'LL  
SOON BE SURE GLAD FOR  
MEETIN' UP WITH ME ---  
FOLKS CALLS ME  
**ELECTROCUTIE!**

SO WHAT?

SO THIS, PAPS! I CAN BLOW  
THE FUSE OUTTA ANY OTHER  
LIVING ELECTRIC ACT THAT EVER  
SNARLED THE TRAFFIC -- IN  
SHOW BUSINESS!

GOT A LOOSE ELECTRIC BULB?







--BEIN' DOWN TO MY LAST QUOTA QUARTER I QUICK  
HANDED HIM ONE-- F GURIN' HE MIGHT HAVE SOME-  
THING--AN' WHAT COULD I LOSE? SON. HE  
FLOORED ME!

THEN HE CONNECTED THE PLUG  
OF MY ELECTR C FAN IN HIS  
LEFT EAR - YES, SON, I SAID "EAR"  
--AND THAT FAN NEAR BLEW  
TH' PLACE APART!

HOWZAT, MISTER YOU -- BRIGHT ENOUGH?  
AM I A HOO-MAN TORCH, OR AM I?

OW-WAH!  
'S LIT!!

I SAW IN A FLASH THAT HE WAS HOT!  
WE AGREED ON CONTRACT TERMS,  
SHOOK ON IT--AN' HE DARNED NEAR  
ELECTROCUTED ME!

I PUT HIM RIGHT INTO THE VERY NEXT SHOW  
AND, SON, HE SHOCKED THEM FOR AN  
ALTERNATIN' CURRENT OF EVERYTHING  
FROM AMPERES TO KILOWATTS --

UNHANDLE ME,  
YOU SHORT-  
CIRCUIT, YOU!

WOTTA MAN! HE'S  
PLAYIN' THAT ELECTRIC JUKE  
BOX CLEAR ACROSS THE  
ARENA BY REMOTE  
CONTROL! WOW-EEE!!

THE FANCY FOLDIN' MONEY CASCADED INTO OUR  
FAM-SHED BOX-OFFICE FOR THE SWEETEST NEXT SIX  
MONTHS OF MY CAREER - EVERYBODY IN THE SHOW  
BROKE OUT WITH BLOTCHES OF RICHES --

HE WAS A FOUR-ALARM RIOT  
ALL OVER THE CIRCUIT!

HEY, JOE - WHADDA'BOUT  
THAT \$3200 Y'BORROWED  
FROM ME TWO-THREE  
WEEKS AGO OF A  
CHUES-DAY?

SHOOOSH! 'AT'S  
CHICKEN-FEED!!

**HELD OVER AGAIN!!**  
**ELECTROCUTIE**  
THE SUPER-CHARGED HUMAN DYNAMO  
BUT FOR 2 MORE WEEKS ONLY!!

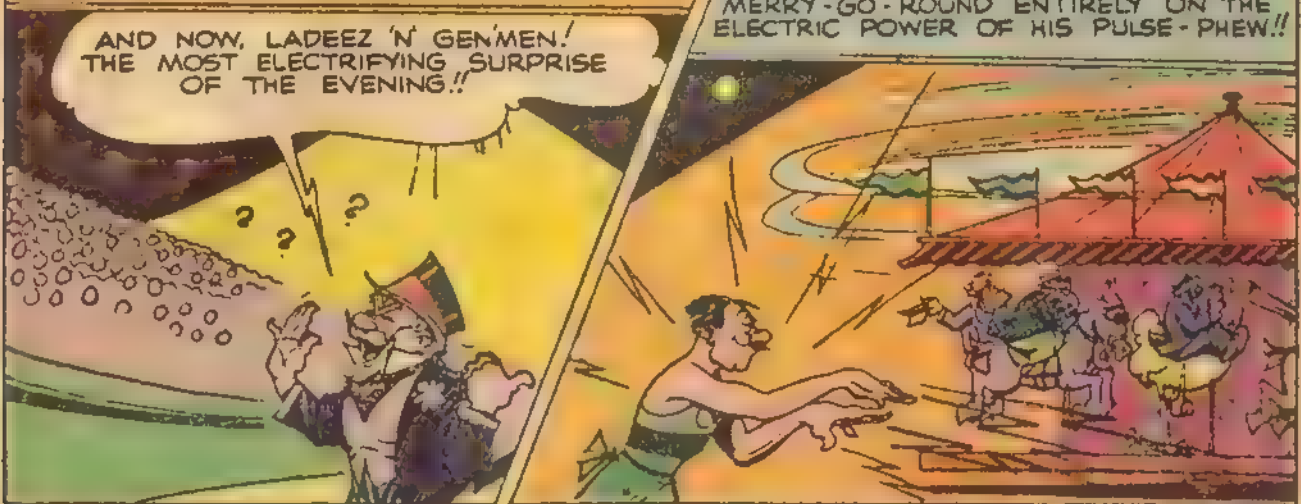
NEXT SHOW AFTER  
THIS ONE IS NOW  
GOING ON,  
FOLKS!



AND WITH EVERY SHOW HE CONTINUED TO IMPROVE ON HIS ACT BY CONSTANTLY ADDING NEW BUSINESS TO HIS ROUTINE.

AND NOW, LADEEZ 'N' GEN'MEN! THE MOST ELECTRIFYING SURPRISE OF THE EVENING!!

ONE STUNT HE DID THAT ABSOLUTELY PANICKED EVERY SHOW WAS TO RUN A CROWDED (FROM THE AUDIENCE) MERRY-GO-ROUND ENTIRELY ON THE ELECTRIC POWER OF HIS PULSE-PHEW!!



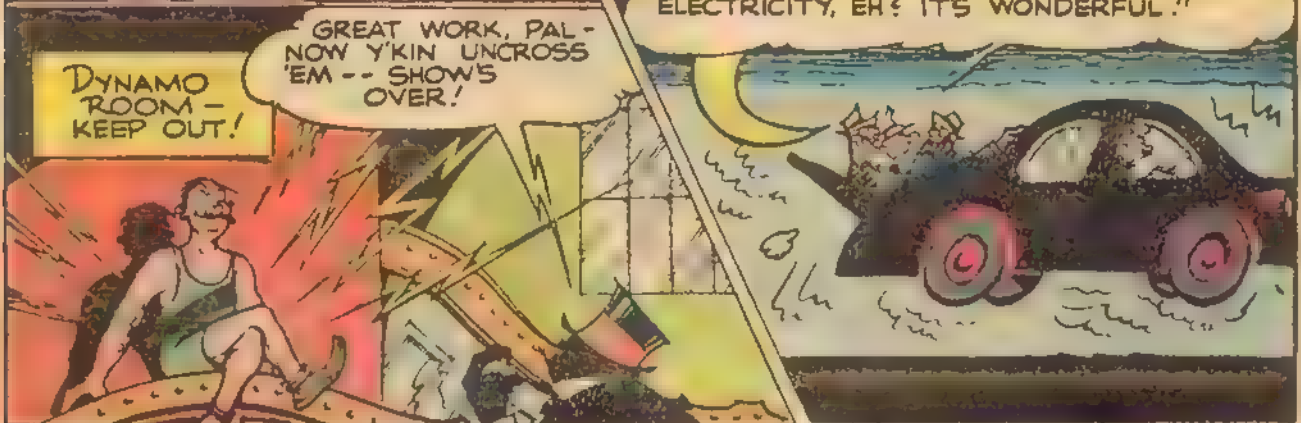
I 'MEMBER ONE NIGHT THE WHOLE TOWN WE WUZ A-PLAYIN' IN HAD A TOTAL BLACKOUT. POWERHOUSE TROUBLE - SAY, HE KEPT OUR SHOW A-BLAZIN' BRIGHT THE HULL NIGHT. MADE A CONTACT BY MERELY CROSSIN' HIS LEGS.

AND DAWGONIT, THAT BIRD HAD ENOUGH BODY 'LECTRICITY FOR EVERY NEED - HE EVEN COVERED THE CIRCUIT IN HIS PERSONAL ELECTRIC COUPE, SUPPLYIN' ALL THE JUICE HIMSELF AS HE WENT ALONG!

DYNAMO ROOM - KEEP OUT!

GREAT WORK, PAL - NOW Y'KIN UNCROSS 'EM -- SHOW'S OVER!

ELECTRICITY, EH? IT'S WONDERFUL!!



THAT SWEET 'N' CRISP FOLDIN' MONEY JUST SWAMPED INTO OUR BOX-OFFICE MONTH AFTER MONTH AND, BROTHER, I (ALMOST) HAD TO START LEND-LEASING IT TO EVERY LOCAL BANK JUST TO UNLOAD THE SURPLUS - (ALMOST!)

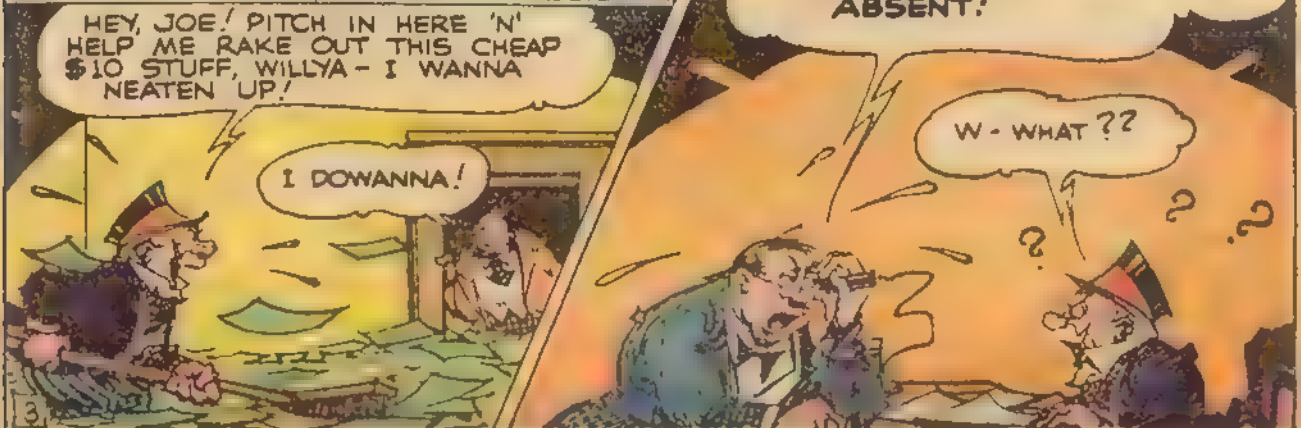
THEN IT HAPPENED!!

NO SHOW TODAY, BOSS! ELECTROCUTIE JUST PHONED HE'D SHOW UP ABSENT!

HEY, JOE! PITCH IN HERE 'N' HELP ME RAKE OUT THIS CHEAP \$10 STUFF, WILLYA - I WANNA NEATEN UP!

I DOWANNA!

W - WHAT??







HE'D STAY OUT THREE 'N' FOUR SHOWS AT A STRETCH -- AND I'D GET CRYIN' CALLOUSES JUST FROM THUMBING BACK REFUND MONEY TO THE CUSTOMERS (OH' DID I RUN TEMPERATURE!)

OH, I'D BAWL HIM OUT WHEN HE'D FINALLY SHOW UP, BUT ALL HE'D SAY WAS ---

OW-WAH! HURRY, JOEY -- I'M STILL PAYIN' OFF! BRING ME MORE DOUGH AND TEAR-BUCKETS!

HUSH THE BLATHERIN', PAPPY! KIN I HELP IT IF A CHANGE OF DIET THROWS ME SYSTEM OUTA ORDER AN' I'M COMPLETELY SHORT-CIRCUITED FOR A WHILE, KIN I?

OUT-  
GO NG  
CASH--

FINALLY WE GOT UP TO THE BREAKIN' POINT AND IT BUSTED! HE QUIT THE SHOW COLD!!

WHY THE-THE -- TELL ME, OL' TIMER -- WHAT'S THE INGRATE DOIN' NOW??

AS OF RIGHT NOW, I'M THROUGH WITH SHOW BUSINESS FOR KEEPS, PAPPY -- AN' MORE TO ME, KEEB -- SO LONG!

WHY, BETTER'N EVER I HEAR --- BETTER'N EVER!

W-WHY, HEY! Y'CAN'T ---

HE STEPPED RIGHT OUT AND GOT HIMSELF A STEADY EMERGENCY STAND-IN JOB TO LIGHT UP THE GREAT WHITE WAY ANY TIME IT BLEW, ITS FUSE AND HE'S CLEANED UP A FORTUNE! WHY-

-- HEH - HEH - HEH! WHERE Y'HEADIN', CHUM?

OW-WAH! I'M GETTIN' THE A.R. BROTHER - YOUR BRAND OF GAS TOPS MY HIGHEST VOLTAGE -- SO-O-O LONG!!

KLIP KLUB  
INSOMNIA HOTEL  
RODEO NIGHT CLUB COME IN AND GET ROPED  
WEAR A HOOEY HAT FOR PRIVACY!  
DANCE & DUNK AT DOMINICS  
CAFE  
BOWLING  
DRINK Gaggola  
SPASM THEATRE NOW 9! NOTH BUT  
HOT SUEY

The  
END

# STOLEN CACHE

By ROBERT HALE

IT was the night trapper Jed Pardy came back from Lanesboro where he had delivered his catch of snakes. From a vantage point behind some Spanish moss, "Jigger" Cahill watched the ancient canoe. It was low in the river, which meant Pardy had loaded up again with supplies.

But to Cahill's greedy eyes, it meant something else again. Money. For months now, Cahill had churned about in his mind the thought that the old trapper had lots of money hidden in the rickety cabin off the edge of the everglades.

Oblivious of the fact that he was being watched, Pardy beached his canoe. He bent over and loaded his arms with supplies. The old trapper was unusually happy as a result of this trip. He had delivered to the agent for the museum a rare species of moccasin, which besides bringing a bonus would mean his contract would be renewed for another year.

Picking his way carefully through the underbrush, Pardy skirted the patch of dangerous quicksand that lay about 500 yards from his hut. Close by the patch he had a long time ago put up a sign warning of its dangers. Now, as his eye rested briefly upon it, he reflected that it was a smart thing. Lots of small planes flew overhead every day and there was no telling when some unsuspecting aviator might drop near it. Or even into it. "Though by then," Pardy mused, "it would be too late to read a sign."

Cahill's eyes followed the trapper avariciously as the old man went into the cabin. Then he relaxed, settling back comfortably. He had waited a long while for this, no need to hurry. He'd give Pardy a chance to light a lamp, get settled with the packages. Then he'd spy through the window.

Inside the cabin, Pardy deposited his

bundles. He lit the old lamp that supplied illumination for the rude, one room interior. The trip upriver had tired him and Pardy decided to go to bed without eating.

But first he opened one of the packages on the table. He smiled as he looked at its contents. It was a present for his Seminole friend, Chief Forked Lightning, the Indian who had told him of the rare snake. The Chief would get a lot of pleasure out of this gift.

Pardy pushed the present carelessly across the table. He never locked his doors. It was well known among the Indians that he was said to keep poisonous reptiles in his cabin. Chief Forked Lightning many years ago, had said: "But it is well that they believe it so, friend Pardy. It will not put temptation to steal before any of my braves."

Consequently, no Indian but Pardy's friend would dare venture within a quarter mile of the cabin. But while Cahill knew of the superstition, his lust for Pardy's money had been great enough to attract him to the cabin.

He stood outside now, his heart beating hard as he observed Pardy taking a wallet from his pocket. "He's been paid," Cahill breathed, "he's got the money with him." His eyes followed the trapper as the latter, picking up a package from the table went to the wall. There he removed an ancient picture, disclosing a hole behind it. He placed packet and wallet into the hole.

Cahill smiled grimly. So that's the hiding place! But wait. Cahill's senses alerted as he thought of something. His eyes searched the room anxiously. Snakes were supposed to guard this queer old man.

Cahill frowned. Of course, he reasoned, it was probably a lot of Seminole superstition. But still there could be something to it



Straining his vision to catch even the slightest movement on the floor of the cabin, Cahill stood immovable, but as he saw nothing, his courage gradually returned. If Pardy did keep snakes, he thought, he probably sold them on this last trip. "I'm safe," he told himself, "safe as if the money were in my hands and I was in New Orleans."

Now Cahill moved away from the window to wait until the trapper retired. He did not have a long wait. Ten minutes later the light went out.

Still Cahill sat, unwilling to risk jeopardizing this important moment by so much as the snapping of a twig. The trapper's ears were sharp. For almost an hour, Cahill sat in darkness before he glided noiselessly to the mosquito-netted door of Pardy's cabin.

The sound of snoring issuing from the cabin bolstered Cahill's courage. It would take a typhoon to wake the old man. He moved forward.

As he stood inside the trapper's cabin for the first time, Cahill felt a thrill go through him. He should have done this before, he told himself, not let mere superstition keep him away.

Holding his hand on a murderous-looking knife, Cahill passed the sleeping man's bed. Jed Pardy slept blissfully and noisily on, unaware that death was brushing so close to him!

Cahill stepped carefully to the wall cache and quietly pushed aside the cheap picture. His fingers delved into the hole for the money he knew was there.

As his fingers closed on the currency, Cahill's heart leaped. Never had his hands held so much money at one time. And he was safe, for none would know who had committed the robbery. For just a fraction of a second, his beady eyes darted toward the sleeping man. Had he wakened at that moment, Jed Pardy would not have had long to live.

Cahill started to withdraw his hand

And then his blood froze

Something inside the hole had bitten him!  
**Sharply. Viciously**

The money was still in his hand when he withdrew it. He shuddered as he felt blood coming from the back of his hand.

The snake! It had been placed in there to guard the old man's money. That's why he hadn't seen it! And now—now—it had bitten him!

His eyes rolling with fear, the money still clutched in his hand, Cahill raced out of the cabin and into the moonlit night. And as he ran, he looked again.

Now the blood was coming out faster and, in the yellow illumination, he imagined the hand was already swelling. He threw the money from him.

So blinded was Cahill with fear he didn't see where he was going. He knew he was dying, bitten to death by one of Pardy's poisonous snakes. He lurched forward. Then he screamed.

It was his third scream that roused Jed Pardy from his deep sleep. But when the trapper reached the patch of quicksand, it was too late. Only the money was visible.

Pardy was stunned. A robbery in his house was something he had never expected. It was easy to see what had happened; the thief, racing away, had not noticed the quicksand.

"I know it was not one of your braves, Chief," Pardy said next morning, recounting the episode to his visiting friend. "It must have been some squatter."

Chief Forked Lightning shook his head in agreement. "Not my braves. They are afraid of your snakes. Still."

Pardy laughed. "Well, that thief wasn't." He reached into his wall cache, carefully, and brought out an opened package.

"These are for you," he said. "I brought them back from Lanesboro."

He laid the package on the table. The Chief's eyes glistened happily, as he looked at the supply of fish hooks.

"Be careful of them, Forked Lightning," cautioned Pardy. "They're very sharp. You wouldn't want to get one in your hand!"



**Christmas - 1947!**

... THE SEASON OF  
GOOD WILL! BUT THE  
YULETIDE MERELY  
INSPIRES HUGE, ROTUND  
ROLLO TO PLOT VILLANY  
AGAINST HIS FELLOW  
MAN - AND THE DAY  
OF GIVING BECOMES  
ONE OF TAKING!  
SO IT BECOMES  
NECESSARY FOR RIP  
CARTER'S **BOY  
COMMANDOS** TO  
WAIT UP WITH LOADED  
"SOCKS" TO GREET...

*"The  
Unwelcome  
Santa Claus!"*



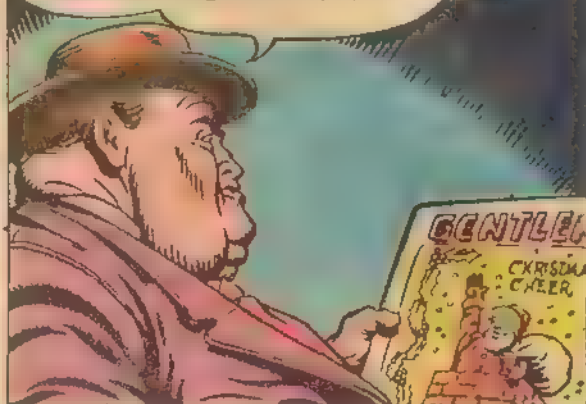


WITH CHRISTMAS VERY NEAR, **ROLLO, THE WORLD'S FATTEST MAN**, SCHEMES NEW CRIME CONQUESTS...

DECEMBER  
11 12 13 14 15 16  
17 18 19 20 21 22  
23 24 25 26 27 28  
29 30 31

FOUR 'SHOP-LIFTING' DAYS LEFT, AND WE STILL HAVEN'T DECIDED ON A BIG MONEY JOB. WE'RE SLIPPING, BOYS.

WHAT WE NEED IS AN **UNUSUAL RACKET**. SOMETHING THAT'LL BAFFLE THE COPS **AND** RIP CARTER'S **COMMANDOS**.  
HMMM—THIS PICTURE SUGGESTS SOMETHING...



HA, HA! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF THE BEST GAG OF THE SEASON. CALL THE NEWSPAPER—I WANT TO PLACE AN **AD.**  
**HA HA HA!**

THE NEXT DAY ROLLO'S AD APPEARS—AND A STRANGE AD IT IS, TOO!

YES, BOYS—I THINK THIS SCHEME HAS THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT!  
HA, HA!

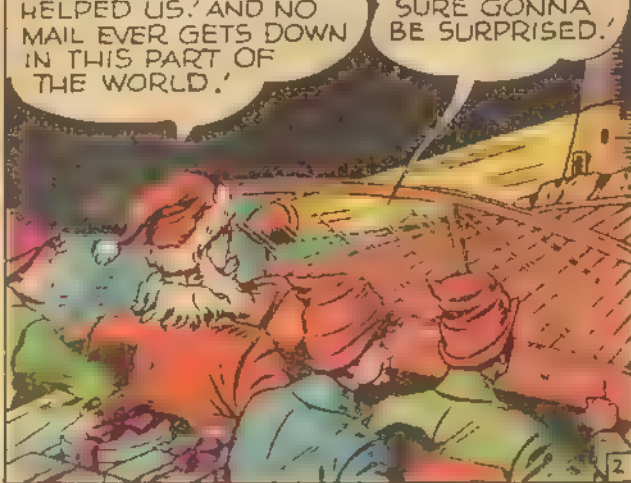
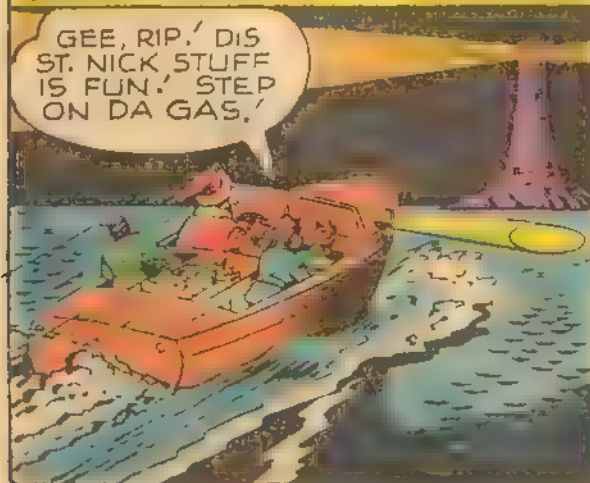
**WANTED**  
Very fat men at high wages. The fatter the better. Short hours—  
**BIG MONEY!** Write BOX R-2

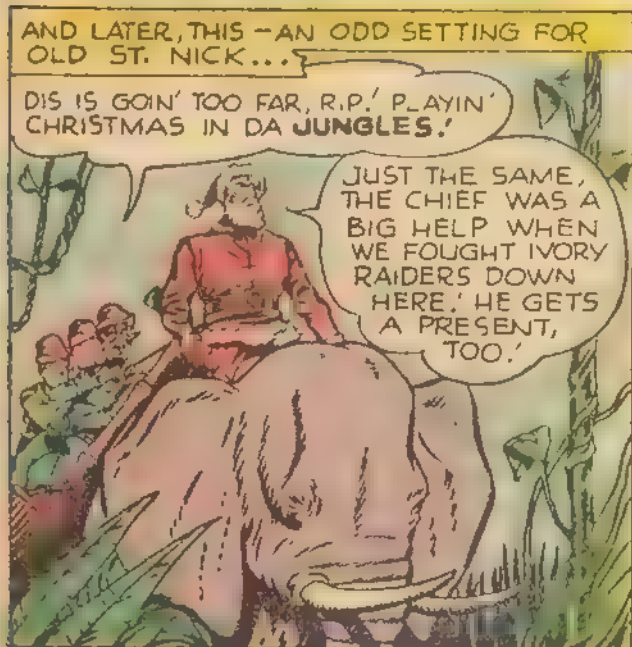
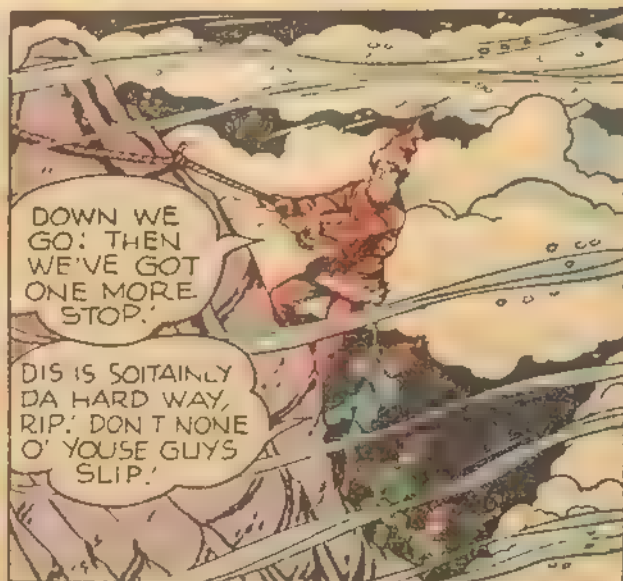
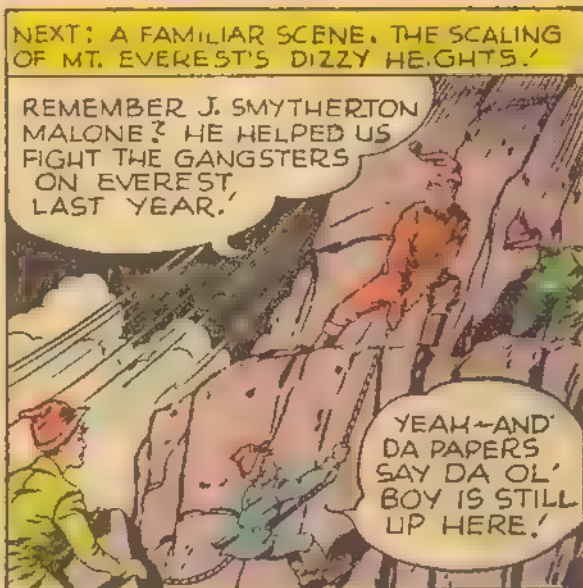
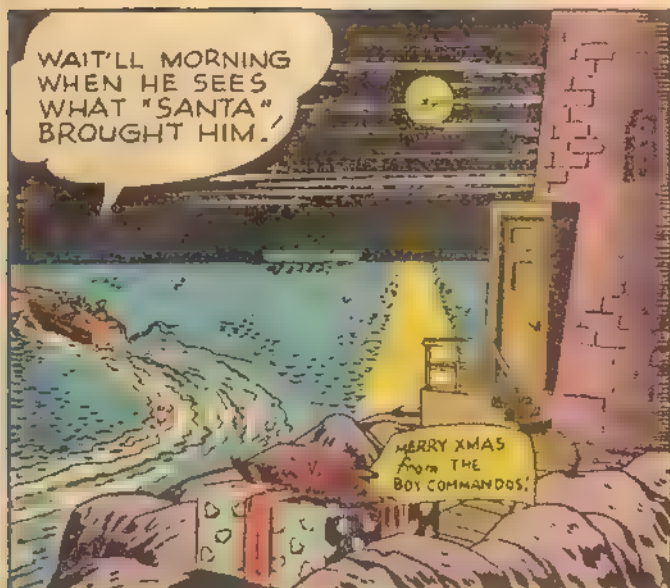
ELSEWHERE, RIP CARTER AND THE BOY COMMANDOS ARE PREPARING TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS ....

GEE, RIP! DIS ST. NICK STUFF IS FUN! STEP ON DA GAS!

WE'VE BEEN PROMISING CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE HELPED US. AND NO MAIL EVER GETS DOWN IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD.

DAT OL' JOKER AT DA LIGHTHOUSE IS SURE GONNA BE SURPRISED!









THE NEXT DAY-AT A COASTAL TOWN...

AND NOW-  
BACK HOME  
WE GO!

FOR A  
CHRISTMAS  
OF OUR OWN!

YEAH,  
SOMETHIN'  
PEACEFUL  
LIKE, FOR A  
CHANGE!



"PEACEFUL," BROOKLYN? BUT YOU SHOULD  
BE AT ROLLO'S HIDEOUT...

GLAD YOU ANSWERED MY AD FOR FAT  
MEN, BOYS! BUT I SEE ONLY **THREE** OF  
YOU WANT TO MAKE AN EASY, SHADY  
DOLLAR. THE REST LINE UP AT THAT  
WALL!

THAT'S RIGHT, ROLLO! WE DON'T  
WANT ANY OF YOUR CROOKED  
WORK!



MACHINE GUNS SPEAK FROM HIDDEN  
WALL SLITS, THEN...

HO HUM! DEAR ME,  
I DO HATE HONEST  
PEOPLE! ALL RIGHT,  
BOYS! FIRE AWAY!

NO-NO-  
UUUUHH!



TOO BAD, INDEED! BUT-NO TIME FOR  
SYMPATHY! WE MUST START OUR  
CHRISTMAS CAMPAIGN! COME, BOYS-  
I'LL GIVE YOU THE DETAILS!



AND THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN A  
DEPARTMENT STORE...

HO HO HO HO!  
AND WHAT WOULD  
YOU LIKE, LITTLE  
BOY?

A RACER! A  
BIG YELLOW  
RACER WITH  
RED WHEELS.



THAT'S MY SON,  
SANTA. I'M  
CORNELIUS RANDER!  
SEND THE RACER  
TO HIM!

FINE,  
MR. RANDER.  
BUT YOU'LL  
HAVE TO SIGN  
THIS ORDER  
BLANK!





VERY GOOD, MR. RANER!  
HO HO HO, LEAVE EVERYTHING  
TO SANTA CLAUS!

ORDER BLANK  
DATE DEC 2  
ITEM AND DESCRIPTION PRICE  
Toy racer yellow with red wheels \$9.86  
SIGNATURE Cornelius Raner  
ULTRA DEPARTMENT  
CHR. ST. MALL GIFT ORDER

YES, YOU GUESSED IT. 'SANTA' IS NONE OTHER THAN  
ROLD! PRESENTLY, AT THE HIDEOUT OF THE  
COMPULSIVE CRIMINAL...

NOW I LIFT THE TOP  
OF THIS PHONEY ORDER  
BLANK, LIKE  
THIS—

—AND WHAT  
DO WE SEE  
UNDERNEATH—  
A SIGNED CHECK  
FOR \$50,000!  
HA, HA, HA!

HO, HO, HO!  
WHAT A  
NEAT  
PLAN!

BOY! D'S  
SANTA CLAUS  
BUSINESS SURE  
PAYS OFF, BOSS!  
YOU CAN SURE  
THINK O' THE  
SMOOTH  
RACKETS!

BUT MORE'S TO COME! NOW GET  
INTO YOUR "WORKING CLOTHES" AND  
REMEMBER TO KEEP THE POT  
BOILING—WITH GEMS! HA, HA!

A WHILE LATER, AND CHATTERING GUNS  
STARTLE INNOCENT XMAS SHOPPERS...

HELP!  
POLICE!

DA GUY'S BLOWIN'  
HIS TOP, SPKE! WE  
GOTTA SHOOT OUR  
WAY OUT!

BAM!  
BLAM!

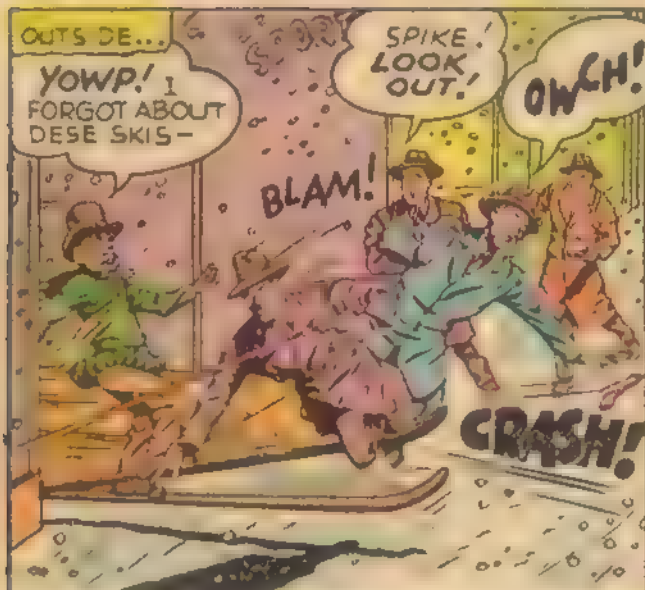
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE BOY COMMANDOS  
ARE IN A NEARBY STORE BUYING WINTER  
SPORTS EQUIPMENT...

LISTEN!  
GUNSHOTS!

HOLY COW!  
LET'S GET  
OUT DERE  
FAST!

BLAM!  
BANG!







MEANWHILE, THE THUGS TRAILED BY TEX AND ANDRE RACE TO A WAITING GETAWAY CAR...

OKAY, INKY! I THINK WE DITCHED THOSE COMMANDOS! GET ROLLING!

BUT AS THE CAR ROARS AWAY...

WHEW! JUST MADE IT, PODNUH!

YOU CAN SAY ZAT AGAIN, TEX!

THE GETAWAY CAR TWISTS THROUGH THE SNOW-LADEN CITY STREETS, THEN...

WELL, WE MADE IT. HOPE SPIKE AND LUGGY MADE OUT AS GOOD!

STOP WORRYIN' WE GOT DA ICE, D DONT WE? ROLLO OUGHTTA GIVE US A BONUS!

AFTERWARDS... IN ROLLO'S HIDEOUT, WHICH IS WARM WITH THE YULE SPIRIT...

HMMM—SO I MEET YOU AGAIN, EH? DEAR ME, HOW UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU!

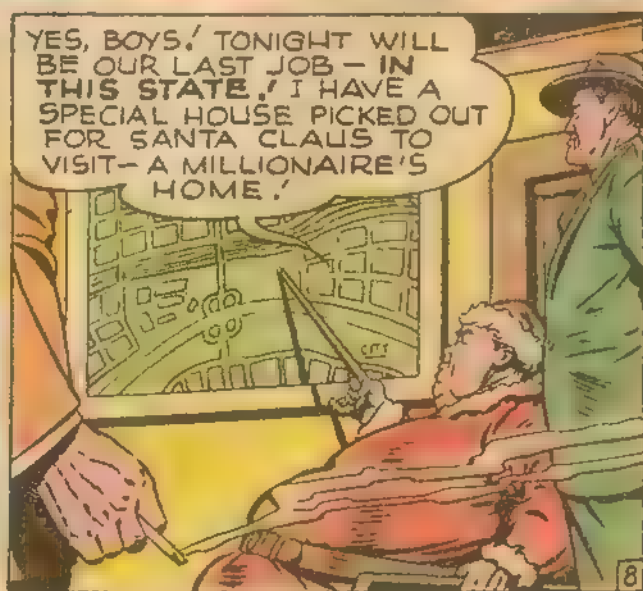
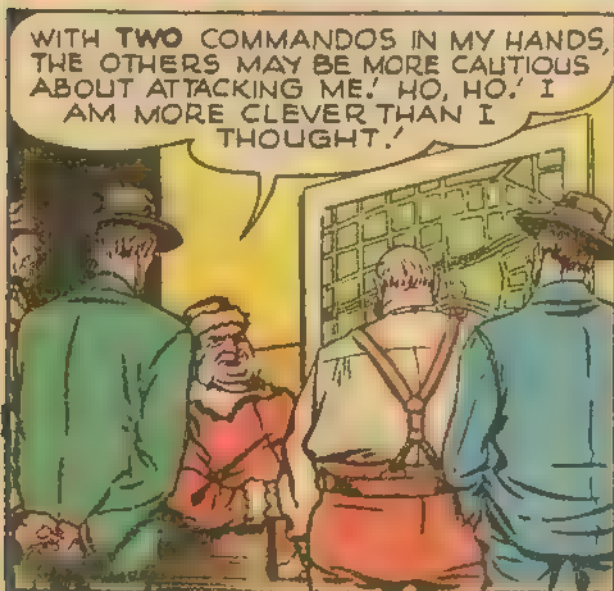
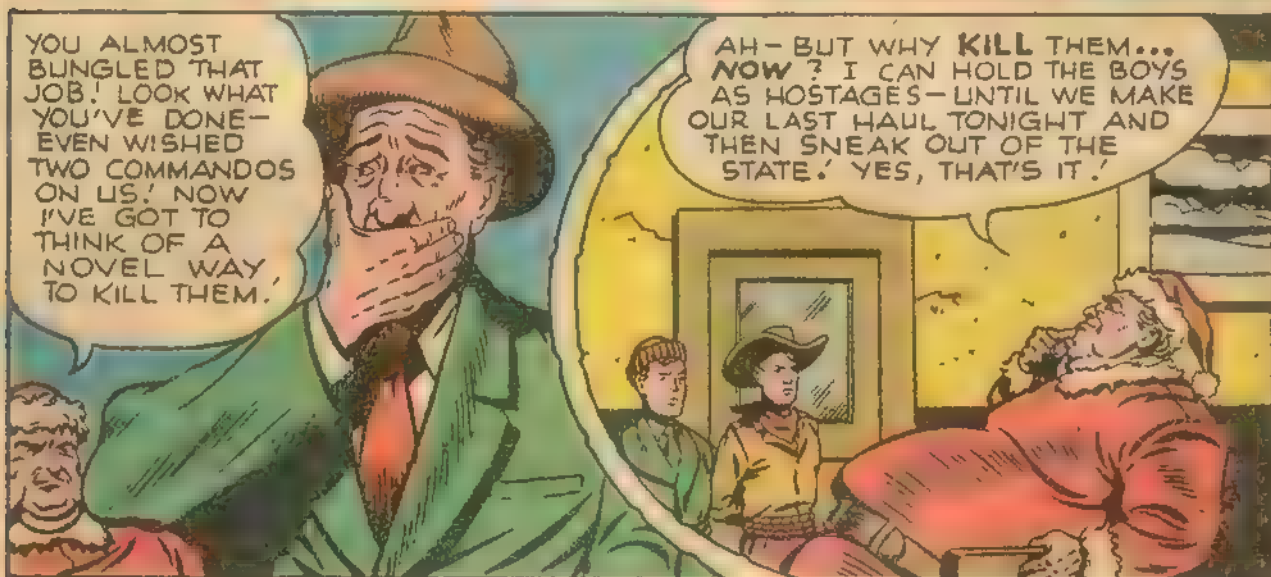
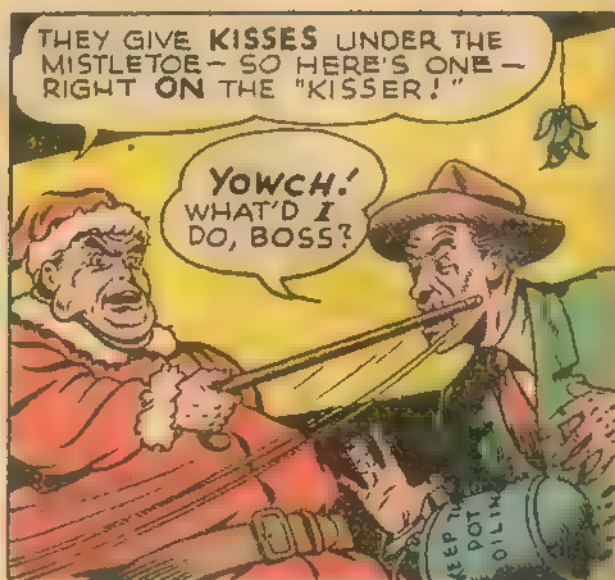
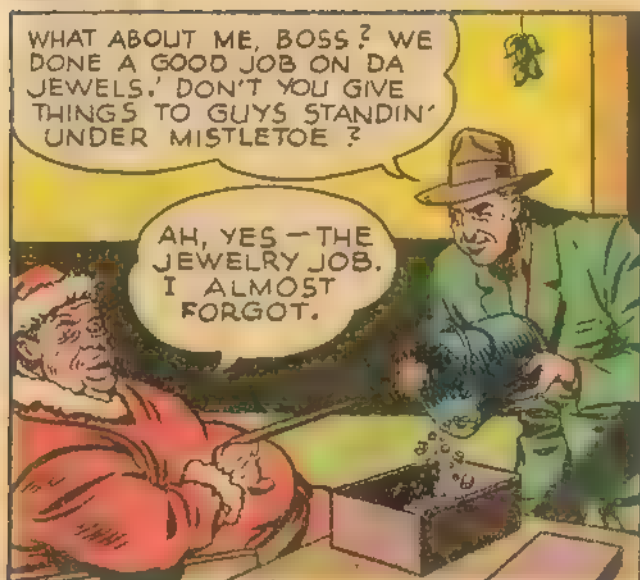
SUDDENLY... A SURPRISE FOR ANDRE AND TEX...

HANDS UP, YOU SMART KIDS! DON'T TRY NO TRICKS!

HEY! DEM COMMANDOS WUZ WIT' US ALL DA TIME!









LATER, AT MIDNIGHT...

NOW— WITH REINDEER AND TOYS I AM ONCE AGAIN READY TO PLAY ST. NICK! HA! YOU COMMANDOS MUST COME ALONG TO GUARANTEE MY SAFETY.

YUH WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT, FAT STUFF.

SO LONG, BOYS! SEE YOU LATER AT "OPERATION DIAMONDS!" HO, HO, HO. ON, BLITZEN—UP, DONNER!

BE SEEIN' YA, BOSS. HA, HA, HA!

AFTERWARDS...

MIND GIVING ME A HAND, OFFICERS?

BY GOLLY! LOOK, CLANCY! ONE OF THOSE RICH GUYS PLAYIN' SANTA FOR HIS KIDS. C'MON.

DOWN YOU GO, SANTA! HA HA! YOU OUGHT TO REDUCE, PAL—OR NEXT TIME YOU'LL NEVER SQUEEZE THROUGH THE CHIMNEY!

HO, HO! YOU'RE RIGHT, OFFICER! THANKS FOR THE HELP.

AFTER THE LAW DEPARTS...

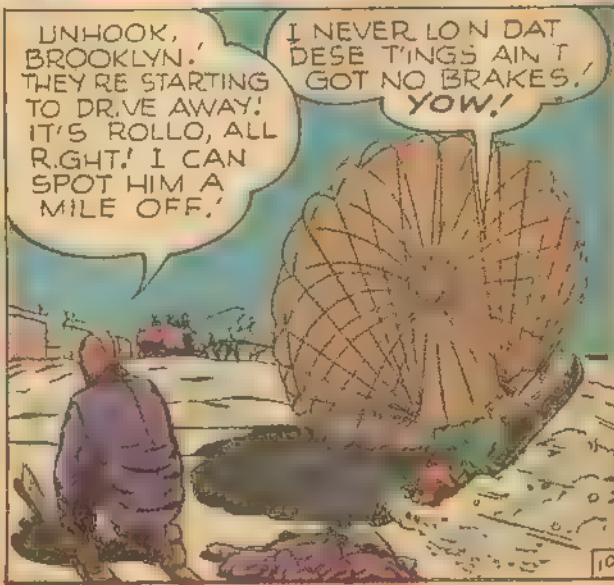
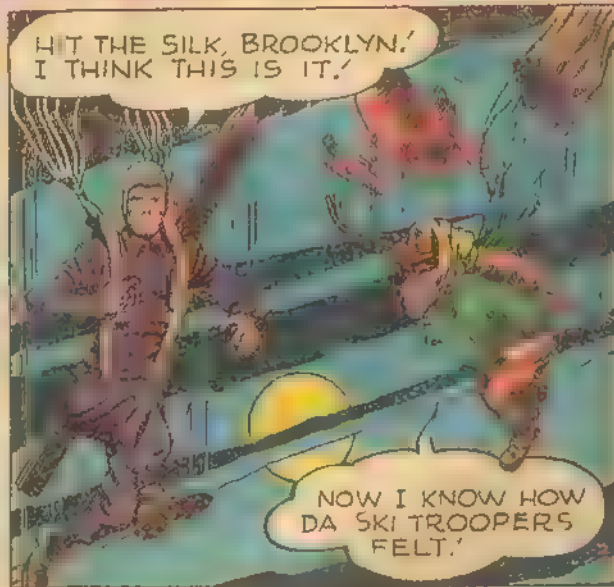
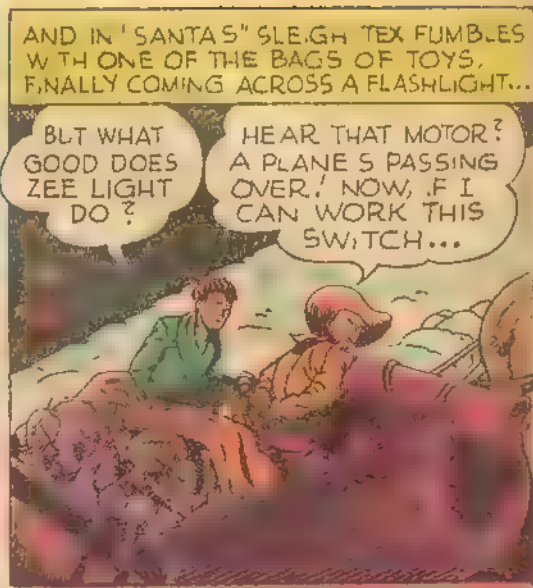
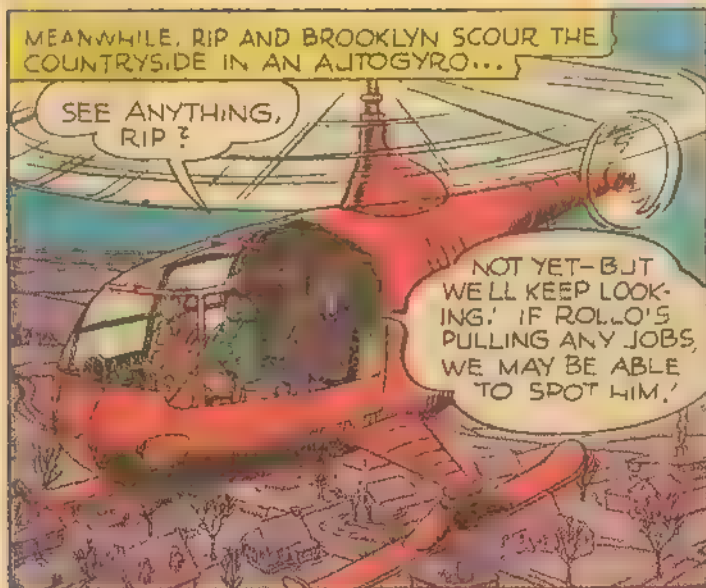
IT'S SAFE TO COME IN NOW.

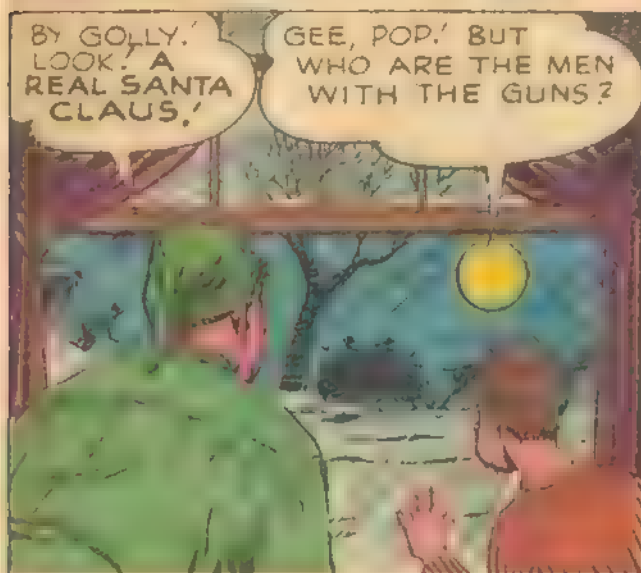
SOME WAY TO BREAK INTO A HOUSE, ROLLO. AN' WIT' DA COPPERS HELPIN' YA, TOO! HA, HA!

HURRY AND GET THOSE JEWELS OUT! I'M ANXIOUS TO GET ACROSS THE STATE LINE BEFORE DAWN!

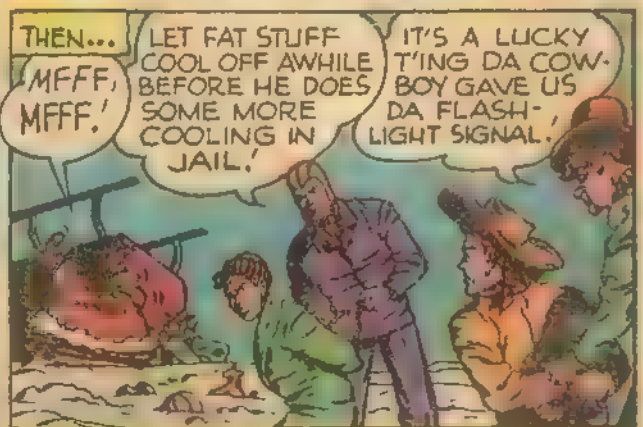
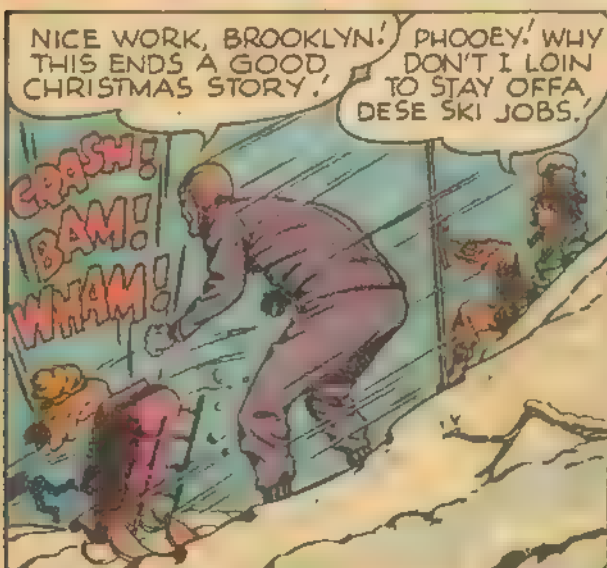
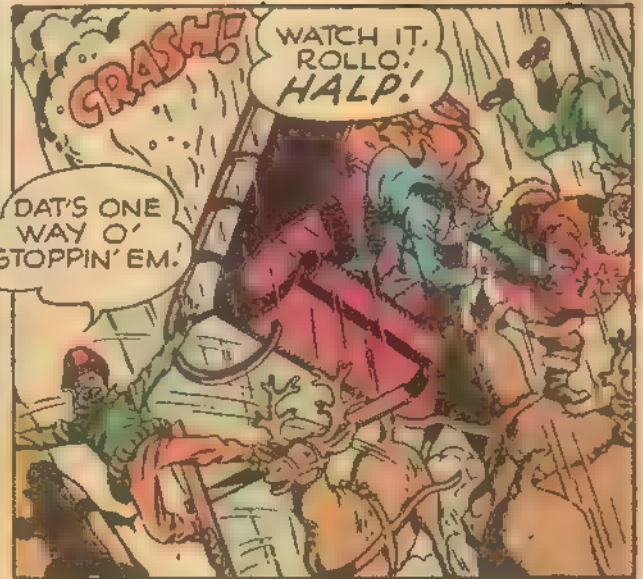
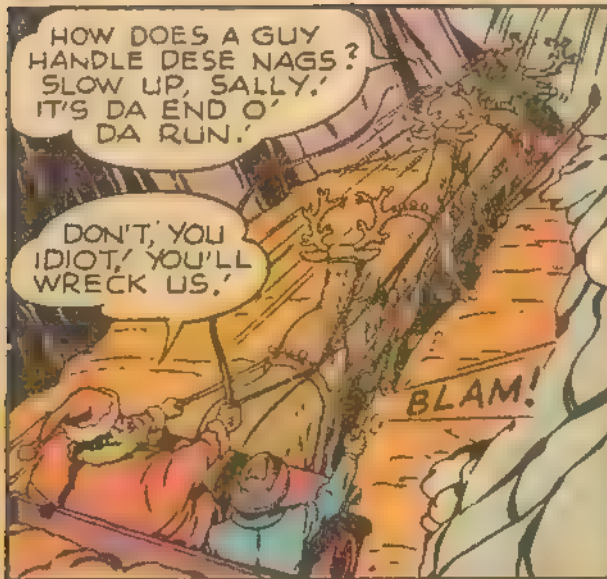
OKAY, BOSS! ONLY A MINUTE MORE!



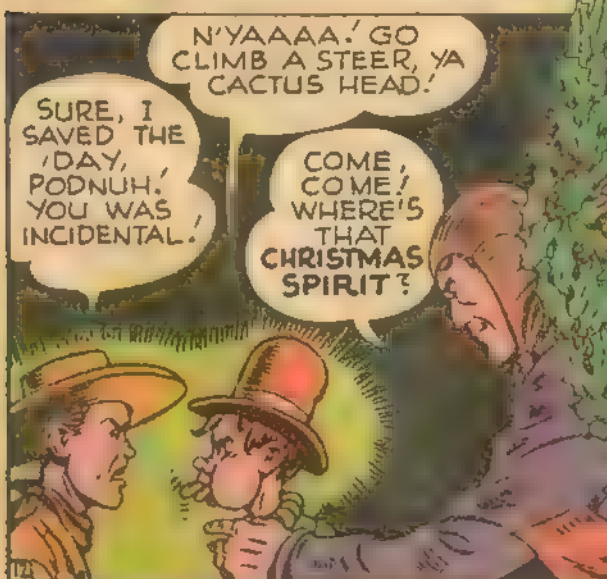








YES, THIS CHRISTMAS NIGHT DOES END WELL, AND THIS SCENE PROVES THAT THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS.





# THRILL

to the punch-packed action  
of the fighting WEST!



ROARING SIX-GUNS!  
THUNDERING HOOVES!  
THUDDING FISTS!  
ALL THE RED-BLOODED  
EXCITEMENT IN  
THE DANGEROUS  
CAREERS OF THE  
STRONG MEN WHO  
WAGER THEIR LIVES  
ON A  
LIGHTNING DRAW!

ANOTHER  
SURE-FIRE  
WINNER  
FROM  
AMERICA'S  
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On Sale  
AT ALL  
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## CANDID TYPE CAMERA



Fixed Focus, eye level view finder, 16 exposures. Beautiful Black case.

Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.

## Blue Bird COOKING SET

8 piece set. Durable. A welcome addition to any kitchen.

Sell only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.



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## Full Size UKULELE

Easy to play. ... Instruction Sheet included. Sell only 40 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds.



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Rubber Valve type bladder. Lacing needle and lace included.

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## Exquisite DINNER SET

... Nineteen pieces of latest fashion dictated pieces.

Sell only two 40 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Sent Express Collect

## PRIZE TYPEWRITER

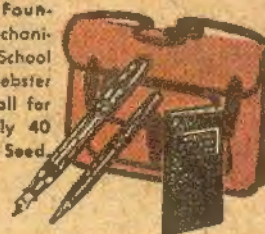


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WE WILL PAY TOTAL OF \$10 FOR BEST, NEATEST, NICEST COMPOSED LETTERS WRITTEN ON THIS MACHINE AND SENT TO US BY JULY 1, 1948

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Self filling Fountain Pen, Mechanical Pencil, School Bag, and Webster Dictionary all for selling only 40 pkts. of Seed.



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Dependable & faithful companion. Pull-out pendulum. (Supply Limited)

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Sturdy Type. Ball Bearing... Built for Fun and Hard Usage.

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Steel rod, sturdy 30 yard capacity reel medium weight spool, metal line, 6 hooks and 2 lead sinkers, attractive cork Reel and metal lure.



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**MAIL COUPON NOW**

**41st YEAR**

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY  
Station 460, Paradise, Penna.

Please send me 40 packets (also order) of Garden Spot Seeds, to sell at 10c a pkt. for a 50c prize. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Include the Free Book of Parlor Puzzlers.

Check here ☐ for 60 packets if you want to sell for a "2-order" premium.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

POST OFFICE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET OR R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_ BOX \_\_\_\_\_

PRINT YOUR NAME PLAINLY BELOW

Save 2 cents by filling in postage and mailing this coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY



*This won't happen to  
you if you know*



## HOW TO CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT



1.

*Get off the road quickly! If that can't be done, be sure you're parked on a straightaway. Set a warning light 25 paces behind you so that an onrushing car won't crash into you. And you'll be all the safer if that warning light is a brilliant-beamed, dependable flashlight powered by the new "Eveready" batteries... they outlast all other brands!*

*Smart motorists always keep two flashlights ready and handy! Prop up the other one for a working light. Remove your spare before jacking up the car. A good idea too, says the American Automobile Association, is to keep all your tire-changing tools tied or packed together so you don't have to search or fumble around for them.*

2.



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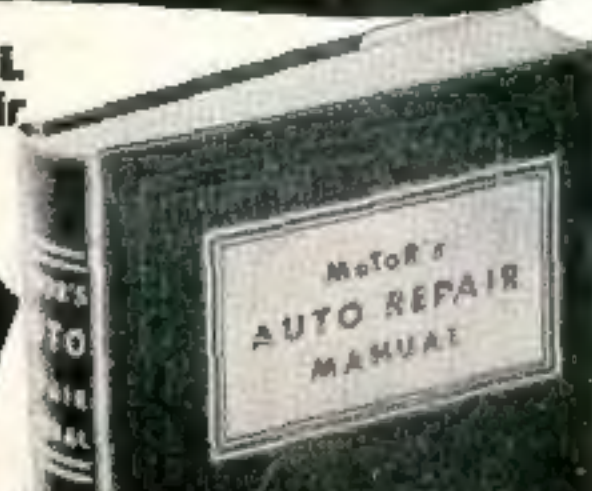




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Print Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Print Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(if any)

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